

AL

Catherine Bennett, page 9

Mark Durkan, an SDLP negotiator, said there was "incontrovertible" proof of Unionist involvement in three murders before it was kicked out of the talks. That was based on its admission. He said: "If there is incontrovertible evidence, they [Sinn Féin] will have to go. If there isn't, I doubt how they can go."

Mitchell said the Unionist Fein chairman said, "Let's see the incontrovertible evidence. They won't be able to do that. We will be at the talks on Monday, and the Unionists will try to have us expelled. It will be overturned. We do not

Sculptor Bryan Ellery with some of his Writers and Poets to be exhibited this month. Subjects include Lord Gowrie (top right) Ben Okri and Richard Ingram PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN GODWIN

Paul Hayward
Chief Sports Writer

ROUND Gullitt was the victim of a long-term plan to replace him with Gianluca Vialli after players became disaffected with his aloof managerial style, and Ken Bates, the chairman, began to resent him as a rival, it was claimed yesterday.

The club's board began plotting Gullitt's downfall up to a month ago, Gullitt said at a news conference yesterday: "They had everything planned out in my back."

Gullitt's demand for a huge salary increase was an issue but not the decisive factor in his sacking, sources said yesterday. It was felt that his assistant, Gwyn Williams, and coach, Graham Rix, were carrying too much of the workload.

The Week, page 24

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US public made ready for war

Mark Tran in New York and Richard Norton-Taylor

THE Clinton administration yesterday prepared the American public for a military strike against Saddam Hussein by saying the United States "must again summon the will" to respond to Iraq's defiance of the United Nations.

In what White House officials described as the definitive statement of US policy on the latest confrontation, the national security adviser, Sandy Berger, delivered a strikingly hawkish message, saying the US was prepared to strike at will whenever it believed that President Saddam was trying to rebuild his biological, chemical or nuclear weapons.

The statement confirmed that the US alone is prepared to be the arbiter of Iraqi compliance with UN Security Council resolutions.

Mr Berger accused Iraq of seeking to undermine by every ruse the effectiveness of UN weapons inspectors. President Saddam has barred them from eight so-called presidential sites suspected of concealing material connected to chemical warfare and chemical weapons.

In his address to the National Press Club, Mr Berger showed aerial photos indicating the huge size of some of the sites the US public for military action, General Henry Shelton, chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, told reporters earlier: "We will

lose some people and that weighs heavily."

For his part, President Clinton said Russian opposition to force would not deter the US should diplomacy fail.

"The US is exhausting every diplomatic route. But we don't believe it is acceptable, if diplomacy fails, to walk away," Mr Clinton said.

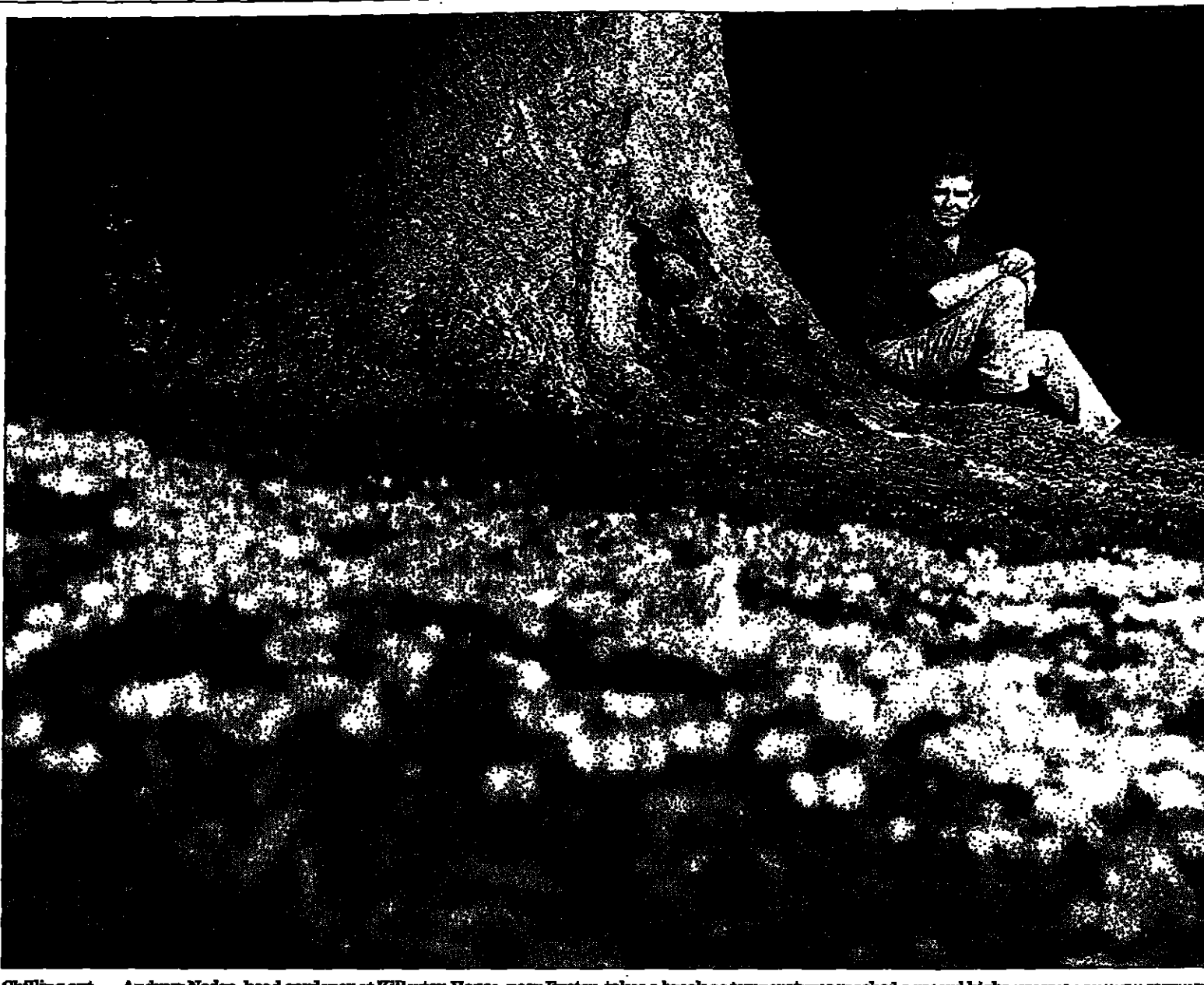
The unyielding talk in Washington overshadowed yesterday's diplomatic manoeuvring at the UN, where the five permanent members of the Security Council plugged away at attempts to forge a common position that would pave the way for a peace mission to Baghdad by the secretary-general, Kofi Annan.

Russia stepped up its pressure on Mr Annan to make the trip to Iraq. But whether he undertakes such a mission will depend on whether the five permanent members manage to agree on a common proposal for him to take.

With the US warning that military action is imminent — in a matter of weeks or days — discussions at the UN have taken on an increasing urgency.

Britain has come up with a proposal on the inspection teams that moves closer to Russian and French ideas. Already presented to the other permanent members of the Security Council, the proposal would allow UN inspectors, accompanied by diplomats, to visit the presidential sites, while the presence of diplomatic staff would ensure Iraq's sensibilities on sovereignty.

Disunited Nations, page 5; Martin Woolcott, page 8



Chilling out... Andrew Nodge, head gardener at Killerton House, near Exeter, takes a break as temperatures reached a record high. PHOTOGRAPH: SAMANTHA PRITCHARD

Lucy Patton

LONDON was warmer than the south of France yesterday, and as temperatures hit a record high in other parts of the country hardy souls threw caution — and car-

dies — to the wind, hitting the beach.

Met Office experts said temperatures in Britain had reached the highest on record for February with 19.6C registered in Barbourne, Worcestershire.

In London thermometers peaked at 19.1C. The previ-

ous record of 18.5C was set

in 1961. The temperature in southern France was 18C, while Bahrain could only manage 17C.

In Blackpool, ice-cream vans cruised the promenade as children built sandcastles on the beach. Some tourists even went back to

their hotels to change into

summer clothes before joining thousands of others basking in the sun.

A Met Office spokesman said warm air from north Africa had raised temperatures to around 10 degrees higher than normal.

People were enjoying

warm, sunny weather

across most parts of the country. In Devon temperatures reached 19.1C, eels in the River Dart.

The previous February record was set in Milford Haven in 1972 when temperatures reached 19.4C.

'Mad hatter' judge forced to resign after attack

continued from page 1

judgment for an indefinitely extended period after the trial is over will only serve to prolong their anxiety, and may well increase it.

"Conduct like this weakens public confidence in the whole judicial process. Delays on this scale cannot and will not be tolerated. A situation like this must never occur again."

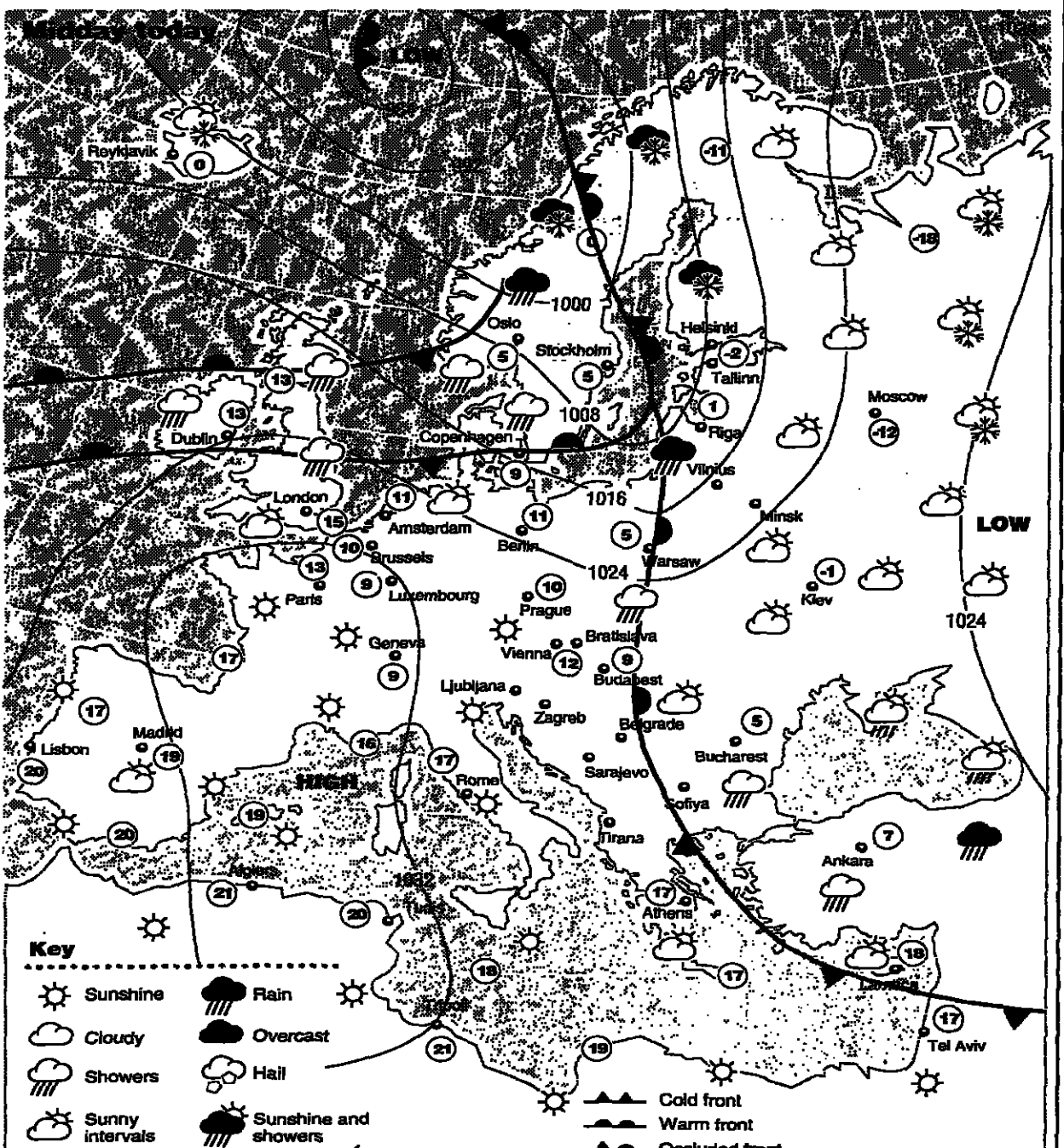
Sir Jeremiah LeRoy Harman — known to his friends as Jerry — is an Old Etonian and ex-Guards officer who became a legend in the law courts for his rudeness and unpredictability. In a survey this month of the best and worst High Court judges by the magazine *Legal Business*, lawyers described him as "so bad he shouldn't be there".

One barrister said yesterday: "He was always one of the nastiest, most inconsistent judges. He was a loose cannon. If he was on your side, you could just sit there watching the other side being chewed up. If you had a case in his court, both sides would try to settle."

But lawyers acknowledged that he was highly intelligent. There were regrets that a colourful career had come to an ignominious end. A QC said: "Undoubtedly he has only himself to blame. He's done this too many times in the past and got away with it. But he was a distinguished lawyer and knew his stuff. The Chancery Bench will be a duller and greyer place without him."

The son and grandson of judges, Mr Justice Harman has been a judge of the High Court's Chancery Division since 1982. His recreations are the traditional upper-class pursuits of fishing, shooting, stalking and watching birds.

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

City	Temp	Wind	Weather
London	19.1	SW	Sunny
Paris	18.5	SW	Sunny
Berlin	18.0	SW	Sunny
Moscow	17.5	SW	Sunny
Amsterdam	17.0	SW	Sunny
Brussels	16.5	SW	Sunny
Frankfurt	16.0	SW	Sunny
Munich	15.5	SW	Sunny
Vienna	15.0	SW	Sunny
Budapest	14.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	14.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	13.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	13.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	12.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	12.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	11.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	11.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	10.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	10.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	9.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	9.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	8.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	8.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	7.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	7.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	6.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	6.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	5.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	5.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	4.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	4.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	3.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	3.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	2.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	2.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	1.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	1.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	0.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	0.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-0.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-1.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-1.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-2.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-2.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-3.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-3.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-4.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-4.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-5.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-5.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-6.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-6.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-7.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-7.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-8.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-8.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-9.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-9.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-10.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-10.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-11.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-11.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-12.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-12.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-13.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-13.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-14.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-14.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-15.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-15.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-16.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-16.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-17.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-17.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-18.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-18.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-19.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-19.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-20.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-20.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-21.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-21.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-22.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-22.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-23.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-23.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-24.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-24.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-25.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-25.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-26.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-26.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-27.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-27.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-28.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-28.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-29.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-29.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-30.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-30.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-31.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-31.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-32.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-32.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-33.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-33.5	SW	Sunny
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Belgrade	-34.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-35.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-35.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-36.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-36.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-37.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-37.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-38.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-38.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-39.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-39.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-40.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-40.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-41.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-41.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-42.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-42.5	SW	Sunny
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Prague	-43.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-44.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-44.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-45.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-45.5	SW	Sunny
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Belgrade	-46.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-47.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-47.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-48.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-48.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-49.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-49.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-50.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-50.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-51.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-51.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-52.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-52.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-53.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-53.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-54.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-54.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-55.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-55.5	SW	Sunny
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Ljubljana	-60.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-61.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-61.5	SW	Sunny
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Belgrade	-62.5	SW	Sunny
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Prague	-63.5	SW	Sunny
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Ljubljana	-64.5	SW	Sunny
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Bucharest	-65.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-66.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-66.5	SW	Sunny
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Prague	-67.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-68.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-68.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-69.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-69.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-70.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-70.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-71.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-71.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-72.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-72.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-73.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-73.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-74.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-74.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-75.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-75.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-76.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-76.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-77.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-77.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-78.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-78.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-79.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-79.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-80.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-80.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-81.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-81.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-82.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-82.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-83.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-83.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-84.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-84.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-85.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-85.5	SW	Sunny
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Bratislava	-88.0	SW	Sunny
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Zagreb	-89.0	SW	Sunny
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Belgrade	-90.5	SW	Sunny
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Prague	-91.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-92.0	SW	Sunny
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Sofia	-94.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-94.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-95.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-95.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-96.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-96.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-97.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-97.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-98.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-98.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	-99.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	-99.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	-100.0	SW	Sunny

Around the world

City	Temp	Wind	Weather
London	19.1	SW	Sunny
Paris	18.5	SW	Sunny
Berlin	18.0	SW	Sunny
Moscow	17.5	SW	Sunny
Amsterdam	17.0	SW	Sunny
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Warsaw	9.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	8.5	SW	Sunny
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Zagreb	7.0	SW	Sunny
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Prague	4.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	4.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	3.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	3.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	2.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	2.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	1.5	SW	Sunny
Warsaw	1.0	SW	Sunny
Prague	0.5	SW	Sunny
Bratislava	0.0	SW	Sunny
Ljubljana	-0.5	SW	Sunny
Zagreb	-1.0	SW	Sunny
Bucharest	-1.5	SW	Sunny
Sofia	-2.0	SW	Sunny
Belgrade	-2.5	SW	Sunny

Diana: the facts and fiction that fail to add up



Kamal Ahmed and David Pallister

ON THE night of August 31, 1997, a woman was killed in a crash while travelling in the back of a Mercedes limousine. The driver had been drinking. The car was speeding. There was no crash barrier to protect the vehicle as it slammed into a tunnel's concrete walls.

Facts? Two other occupants in the car were also killed. A fourth was seriously injured and cannot remember what happened.

Facts? There was another vehicle. Powerful people wanted the woman dead. Her Muslim boyfriend was causing concern in the higher echelons of the establishment.

Facts, conjecture, wild speculation, a macabre trio dancing around the grave of Diana, the Princess of Wales. Ever since Henri Paul lost control of that Mercedes 280S the ingredients have been there: confusion, an incomplete investigation and a set of characters convinced that something, somewhere, stinks. The result is the rich soup of conspiracy.

Mohammed Al Fayed this week announced he is 99.9 per cent sure that Diana was not killed by accident. By omission, his son was murdered as well. It was a plot. By whom? Why? He has no answers.

In his tortured mind there is a macabre scenario. Deep in the upper reaches of the racist establishment, perhaps connected to the secret state, there were people horrified at their, admittedly wayward, English rose having a romantic attachment to the playboy Muslim son of a controversial father. Perish the thought, the man might even have become the stepfather of our future king. She had, had she not, already been the target of surveillance with those Squidgy tapes. Some people will stop at nothing and Mr Al Fayed's paranoia is undiminished.

There was an urge to have everything copper-bottomed from the outset, a desire to make two and two equal four. But with so many questions demanding answers, disappointment was inevitable. Accidents as terrible and final as this cannot just happen. The people cannot let it be so.

And so every fact has been worried over and reworked. Newspapers, TV crews and Internet conspiracy theorists: all have played a part. The speed of the car, Diana's treatment, the mystery Fiat Uno; her claim that she knew she was going to be killed.

Take each by turn. The speed of the car. At first it was claimed that a roadside camera had snapped the Mercedes travelling at 122mph. The camera had been placed on the route the day before but then disappeared. Odd? No, the police insisted, there never was a camera there.

So Paul was driving more slowly? Maybe 80mph. Maybe 100mph. One of the endless "informed sources" said no more than 60mph. Nobody is quite sure.

Was he drunk, then? Yes, said the police. No, said Mr Al Fayed. A third test said that it was irrefutable. He was drunk and he also had traces of an anti-depressant in his blood stream. All the tests gave different results.

Diana's treatment? According to the book, Death of a Princess, the clock had ticked well past 2am by the time her body arrived at Filité Salpêtrière Hospital. Slow, by anybody's reckoning. The ambulance did not race to the nearest hospital, but crawled along to one on the other side of the Seine. Four other hospitals were closer.

Mystery piled upon mystery. The French authorities explained that it is quite normal procedure to try to treat the victim of a serious car accident at the scene. They pointed out the princess's blood pressure was so low that the ambulance had to

travel slowly. Pitié Salpêtrière also had the highest level of expertise in the city.

The second car? A dark car. A light car. A Fiat Uno. A Citroën AX. Something swerved in front of the Mercedes and drove it off the road. It was full of passengers. Four, maybe? Two, then?

Yesterday, Al Fayed's own investigation — his security chief, John MacNamara, formerly of Scotland Yard, teamed up with Pierre Ottavio, a French private eye formerly head of the criminal division — announced they had found the car, a white Fiat Uno which had been sold in November to a garage near Paris. It had been damaged on the left rear fender and had been repainted. More controversially, Ottavio said it had "belonged to a photo-journalist who was very interested in the Princess of Wales".

But last night French police were quick to quash the findings. The car "is of no interest to the investigation", a source said.

One helpful "intelligence source" said Diana's death was a textbook example of how secret services force accidents to happen.

Call it murder and there is a need for certain elements. Who had the motivation? Who had the opportunity? And who gained advantage from her death?

Again, take each in turn. Motivation: the establishment did not want the mother of the future king marrying a foreigner.

Opportunity: Diana's lack of security advisers and guards made her an easy target. The tunnel was an ideal spot for a "serious accident".

The state is in the frame on both counts.

And who gains the advantage? The state again, rid of a troublesome princess and now able to point a finger at those pesky foreigners who cannot be trusted to look after the state's assets.

In the world of mirrors that is conspiracy, the more outlandish it sounds the more it is evidence.

Dodi baby claim woman arrested

Amelia Gentleman

THE mystery surrounding the woman who claims she gave birth to Dodi Fayed's daughter deepened yesterday when she was arrested at her home in Little Saxham, Suffolk.

A Metropolitan Police spokesman confirmed that "a woman was being questioned as part of an investigation into an allegation of financial deception carried out in December last year".

She was later hailed, to return to the police station in six weeks.

Diane Holliday, aged 36, shot into the public eye on Sunday when newspapers reported her claims that Mr Fayed had fathered her 15-month-old daughter, Mami.

The hotel consultant claimed she had become pregnant during a five-



Diane Holliday: questioned

month affair which began in late 1995.

Uncertainty was heightened by the revelation that the police were investigating apparently unconnected allegations made against Ms Holliday by Mohammed Al Fayed's rival, businessman Tiny Rowland.

Icon still pushes up sales

Princess's face remains potent force, says Roy Greenslade



CONS do not die. They are worshipped for eternity in the temples of the media by an adoring public. So it is with Diana, Princess of Wales, the woman loved to death by newspapers, and now transformed into their patron saint.

Her face still sells, starting out from the news-stands and smiling from the magazine shelves, more enigmatic than ever but just as potent for circulation-chasing editors.

Broadsheets have unashamedly joined tabloids in the rush to satisfy the people's craving for a daily diet of Diana. Stories, pictures, investigations, promotions and all manner of diverse souvenirs enhancing the legend of Diana are guaranteed to do well.

The Times's serialisation of Thomas Sancton and Scott MacLeod's book Death of a Princess has added about 2 per cent to the paper's sales. The Mirror's interview with Mohammed Al Fayed this week, now on its third day,

has been avidly followed by other papers and news media. The Daily Mail's magazine on the life of Diana by the reporter who knew her best, Richard Kay, has boosted its Saturday sale by more than 400,000 for three successive weeks. The Mail is also offering readers a "fabulous" Diana video and Diana rose bushes.

The News of the World recently saw its sale rise by 330,000 when it published a 24-page magazine investigation into Diana's death by John Stalker. Hello! magazine's recent Diana issue sold 15 per cent better than normal.

Other attempts to cash in on her name have bordered on the tasteless. Among them have been stories headlined So did Diana really love Charles until the day she died? (Mail); Di ecstasy tablets being sold in London (Evening Standard); and 5 million calls to Di grave hotline (Mirror).

It has made little difference. Short of saying something rude about the princess some six months after her death, the public don't mind what they get, as long as they get it. They appear to have adopted the role of the paparazzi they detested to loathe. They chase her image through every page, seeking out every reworked detail of her life, unconcerned at the ethics, such as the possible effect on her sons and the rest of her family. She is in death, as she was in life, public property.

Yet she is also a somewhat different woman in the eyes of those beholders. The split that existed in life between her and the royal family, a split which was then dividing the nation and engendering anti-royal views, appears to have vanished.

In life, she lost her royal status. In death, she is royalty once again. For the irony is that the beneficiaries of the new Diana cult are the royal family. Virulent attacks on the attitudes of the Windsors

during her divorce and immediately after her death have dissipated. Royalty is, dare I say it, chic once more.

To an extent, this has taken the Queen Mother's side. When the Queen Mother went into hospital for a hip operation a couple of weeks ago, the red-top tabloids did not make as much of it as their middle-market cousins, the Mail and Express. But they quickly caught up.

Prince Charles's tours are being covered with an enthusiasm not seen since the earliest days of his marriage, due in part to his advisers' good work, but also because papers detect that the heir to the throne fills the vacuum better than they first imagined. Their correspondents who virtually ignored the Prince of Wales once he parted from Diana are happily travelling the world with him again.

Even the Independent, for so long sceptical about the need for Palace coverage, came up with a royal scoop of sorts this week. It devoted more than two pages a day to "intimate and historic photographs from the private family albums of the Duke of Windsor". Not quite Diana. But it's only a matter of time.

Mark Lawson, page 9

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"The Prime Minister wants to keep things as they are, believing that monarchy, church and state are the three pillars of our society; to which I would say that the Church is crumbling and the monarchy semi-crumbling."

Ludovic Kennedy: Face to Faith

4 BRITAIN

Pistol packing cowgirl wanted slice of action

Clare Longrigg

A COUNTRY and western fan who held up a pizzeria with a replica handgun was jailed for four years at Teesside crown court yesterday.

Delia Kirby, aged 29, had staged a late-night hold-up at a Pizza Express on Teesside. Staff were closing at midnight when the 4ft 10in woman, wearing a tassel cowgirl outfit and glasses, walked in. She had clearly spent too long in the saloon.

Staff told her the restaurant was closed, but she rummaged in a plastic carrier bag, produced a gun, and growled: "Give me the money from the till."

Sham Dodds, prosecuting, told the court that a waiter, Tahsin Bashir, 26, believed the gun was real, and tried to comply, but all he had to give her was £20.

Kirby took the money and left, but within minutes armed police arrived. Mr Bashir climbed into a police car and they gave chase. Kirby was picked up almost immediately and relieved of her gun while she protested: "Get off, that's my country and western gear."

Kirby, a single mother with a 19-month-old son and no previous convictions, told the court she had not planned the robbery. Her defence put her impulsive action down to the four pints of lager she had downed at the Albany Social Club.

"It is an unusual case, if not completely bizarre," said Stephen Constantine, defending. "She can only blame it on the drink. She did not need the money and was not starving. She accepts that though diminutive she must have posed something of a threatening figure pointing a gun. But there is no malice in her."

Judge Leslie Spittle ordered the gun destroyed and told Kirby she would be made an example to discourage raids on vulnerable late-night premises.



Delia Kirby... country and western fan carried out late-night robbery on impulse

British buyers have to pay up to 50 pc more than other Europeans

Car makers 'cashing in' by inflating UK prices

Merthyn Walker in Brussels

EU OFFICIALS in Brussels yesterday accused car manufacturers of making "windfall" profits and warned of legal action after figures were published showing that British car buyers are paying up to 50 per cent more for their cars than other European customers.

They invited British consumers "who wish to complain about such practices" to go first to the British competition authorities or directly to British courts.

British buyers pay the highest prices in Europe for 61 of the 72 best-selling cars. The Land Rover Discovery is cheapest in Britain, the site of its manufacture, where buyers pay 44.7 per cent more than Italians. The highest differential was the VW Polo, where buyers in Britain paid 54.3 per cent more than in Portugal, where prices were lowest.

The price differential, which EU investigators said was getting worse despite earlier warnings that it could breach EU competition rules, covered all types of car, from the most expensive Mercedes to the cheapest Ford Fiesta.

Country	Model	Relative UK price
Portugal	Ford Escort	148.9%
Portugal	Ford Escort	148.4%
Belgium	Mercedes 320	143.7%
Belgium	Mercedes 320	140.5%
Netherlands	VW Golf	140.1%
Netherlands	VW Golf	137.4%
Spain	Range Rover V8	131.2%
Spain	Range Rover V8	130.4%
Germany	Mercedes 320	112.4%

The warnings now have real teeth after Volkswagen was fined £70 million last month for price-fixing, ordering its Italian distributors to restrict sales to German customers and to maintain lower prices for Italians.

As well as the differentials in prices, the EU Commission said that it was also examining whether British consumers were able to buy right-hand drive cars elsewhere in the EU, to take advantage of the lower prices.

A Brussels statement said: "The commission is receiving

continual complaints from British consumers who wish to purchase right-hand drive vehicles in the cheaper markets. The commission would remind manufacturers that under existing rules, right-hand drive cars must be made available throughout the EU to dealers wishing to sell such models."

Japanese manufacturers, who were praised for dropping their prices in Britain because of the rising value of the pound, still charged far more for their cars in Britain. A Toyota Starlet cost 43.3 per

cent more in the UK than it did in Belgium, the commission survey found.

The EU inquiry covered list prices of cars, which gave British auto industry spokesmen the opportunity to claim that these did not reflect the real sales price, where special discounts and trade-in deals and better packages of options were usually available. The figures were also distorted by different national tax policies.

The commission said: "In the Netherlands and Portugal, where such taxes exist, net car prices are the lowest for a large number of models. On the other hand, in countries like Germany and the UK, where no such taxes are due, prices tend to be higher."

It also served notice that the coming of the single currency would in most EU markets "put to the definitive test" the other standard defence of the car manufacturers: that currency movements helped explain the differential. Only a handful of cars were cheaper in Britain than in at least one other EU market, including the Suzuki Swift, the Audi A4, the Opel Vectra and Citroen Evasion. In each case, British prices were higher than the EU norm.

Photo-fit boosts hunt for killer

Jon Henley reports from Brittany on the hunt for justice

THE FATHER of Caroline Dickinson, the Cornish teenager raped and murdered in a French hostel nearly two years ago, yesterday made an emotional appeal to local residents to help track down his daughter's killer.

Standing outside the court-house in Rennes to help publicise the first photo-fit picture to be released of the main suspect in the case, John Dickinson urged the people of Brittany in halting French to "please, please help us arrest this man".

Since 13-year-old Caroline's death on July 18, 1996, the family had lived "with the constant pain of her loss, together with the knowledge that her murderer walks free and could strike again at any

time," Mr Dickinson said. Close to tears, he said the man responsible must be made to answer for a terrible crime, committed against an "innocent young girl who could have been anyone's precious daughter".

Robert Baffert, a lawyer at the court where the investigation is based, said he was confident the photo-fit was a fairly precise picture of the man police are now seeking.

Caroline was raped and strangled while other girls from her school were asleep in the dormitory room at Pleine-Fougères youth hostel, near Mont St Michel.

Mr Dickinson said the picture was the best piece of evidence so far. "It makes me as confident as I've been at any

time in the last 18 months. If you look at the picture, it's a good picture — it's surely something someone will put a name to."

But he was sharply critical of the delay in issuing it, pointing out that the eyewitness statements it was based on — from two of Caroline's schoolfriends and a teacher who was with them on the trip — had been collected at the beginning of the inquiry but were ignored by Gerard Zaig, the investigating magistrate originally appointed to the case.

"I'm very angry at the delay and the mistakes that were made early on," he said. "The evidence was there from the very beginning."

Mr Baffert described the suspect as a man of European origin, between 5ft 10in and 6ft tall, of athletic build and broad-shouldered. Aged about 30, he had dark brown hair,

thick bushy eyebrows, a weathered complexion and a shabby appearance.

Justice officials have opened a French freephone number and the picture and detailed description will also be posted on a government internet site.

The Dickinson family launched several lawsuits in the first months of the investigation, frustrated by the inaction of Judge Zaig. He was removed from the case and replaced by Judge Renaud van Ruynebeke, one of France's best-known investigators last August.

Mr van Ruynebeke widened the investigation, ordering a programme of mass DNA testing in the village, where genetic tests have since been carried out on all 422 males aged between 15 and 60 in an unsuccessful search for DNA samples matching those found on Caroline's body.

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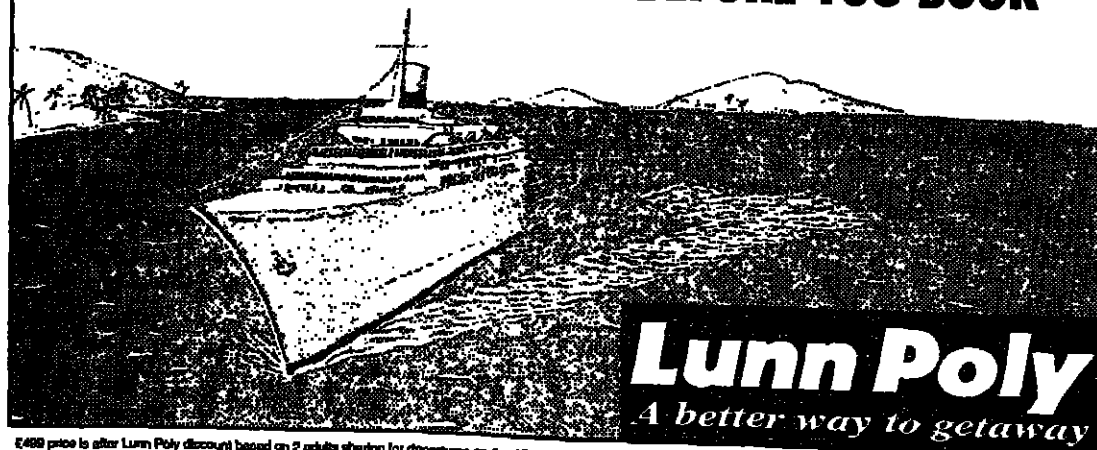
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Saving Italy from itself

Parisian brothe

The living Solzhenitsyn has become a kind of awkward, cantankerous ghost, haunting the great Solzhenitsyn-to-be of posterity.

of posterity.

of posterity.

of posterity.

of posterity.

of posterity.

Man who's all things to all Mensch



Gerhard Schröder: Seen as a master of realpolitik

Lower Saxony's premier is turning the state poll into a dry run for the race to challenge Kohl, writes Ian Traynor in Osnabrück

THE boogie-woogie piano rolled confidently from the stage, the free beer flowed, and the man who wants to lead Germany into the next millennium strutted confidently to the podium.

"The Kohl era is over," proclaimed Gerhard Schröder, launching himself into a deftly pitched 40-minute performance which he hopes will propel him to the chancellorship in Bonn in September.

"Ah," grinned Heinrich Sprechmeyer, a retired steelworker, "Gerhard Schröder's

our man. He's a man of the people. He's the only one who can beat Kohl."

In front of 700 trades unionists and Social Democrats in a municipal hall in this northern town, Mr Schröder cleverly pined his Blairite message that, after 16 years of government by Helmut Kohl, Germany badly needs a change.

Mr Kohl's "contempt" for the working man and his cabinet of "dilettantes" had resulted in 5 million out of work, but national pride could and should reinvigorate the hugely successful post-war German model.

"We need to adapt, but there's little reason to throw away the things that made this country strong."

Mr Schröder is a self-made man. He was born into time poverty and ruin in 1944, the year his father died in the war. He and his five siblings were reared by his mother, a cleaner.

Since 1990 he has been the Social Democratic premier of Lower Saxony. His Osnabrück performance was aimed at winning a third term in the state election on March 1.

It is a poll of much more than regional significance. Mr Schröder is locked in an increasingly bad-tempered feud with his party leader, Oskar Lafontaine, for the nomination to challenge Mr Kohl on September 27.

The Lower Saxony poll is

seen as a dummy run for September and could go a long way towards deciding the contest.

"It's a very personalised campaign," said Christian Wulff, the Christian Democrat challenger in the state.

"Politics here has been nothing but Schröder for the past eight years," complained Ralf Harms, the Greens' senior candidate. "Everything is subordinate to the Schröder fixation."

Mr Schröder is a master of realpolitik — all things to all men and women. He calls himself a pragmatist; his critics call him a shameless opportunist. His party is divided on his merits. But he is popular with the public and this is his trump card in claiming the chancellor candidacy.

Despite 15 years in opposition, the Social Democrats have performed wretchedly in a string of regional elections over the past two years, forfeiting up to 6 per cent of their vote.

Mr Schröder's pitch is that he is the only figure who can reverse that trend. He has hitched his fate to that of a divisive "us-versus-them" campaign and has opposed a "grand coalition" of Christian and Social Democrats in government.

Such an outcome in September, said Mr Schröder, could not be a strategic aim, but nor would it be a national catastrophe.

The polls consistently show him as the figure with the best chance of unseating Mr Kohl. So the chancellor is campaigning hard in Lower Saxony, hoping to trim a Schröder victory and indirectly promote Mr Lafontaine, whom he beat comfortably in 1990.

Much will hinge on March 1, but all the signs are that Mr Lafontaine could yet steal the candidacy from Mr Schröder.

"Many in the party see Schröder as too right-wing, too business-friendly," said Karl Lütke, aged 71 and a party member for 35 years. "But I can't see a better candidate for the party and for Germany."

Saving Italy from itself

Private view

John Hooper

LAST Sunday 150 German economics professors signed an appeal for European monetary union to be postponed or restricted. The same day, in Italy, there was another dramatic episode in the Euro saga, but of a different kind.

To understand it fully you need to know about Domenico In, a popular television show. It begins as Italians are finishing their Sunday lunches and continues through an afternoon which traditionally brings together the family in homage to *la mamma*. Domenico In offers comedy, music, dance, quizzes and herds of scantily-clad, well-endowed females.

Last week it also offered the inhomogeneous figure of Carlo Azeglio Ciampi, the treasury minister. He agreed to use the show to give ordinary Italians a say in the images to be put on the euro coins they will be using after January 1 2002.

It is true, offers them the prospect of significant economic benefit. If — and it is quite a big if — the new currency is strong, it will mean low interest rates. And that will mean the Italian state can pay off its vast debt on the cheap.

Yet the potential drawbacks are considerable. By sacrificing their currency the Italians are sacrificing the right to devalue it or to allow it to depreciate against the currencies of the other states in the union. Yet devaluation and depreciation have been a useful way of occasionally enhancing the competitiveness of Italian business.

Though it may take an

effort, the enterprising, export-oriented industrialists of northern Italy will find ways to compete on grounds other than price, as indeed many have already done.

But what of the south, Sicily and Sardinia, with their dependence on government incentives and protection? Might not open competition with the rest of Europe split Italy even more decisively than at present? Might it not be that the north will swim and get still richer, while the south will sink and get still poorer?

It is one thing to imagine Turin in the same economic area as Dijon or Düsseldorf, quite another to think of Bari having to compete with, say, Gothenburg.

How much of this Domenico In's audience grasps is doubtful, especially since Italy's entry into Euro is scarcely a matter for debate. The lira is being carried at breakneck pace towards the euro on a swell of largely unquestioning popular enthusiasm.

It is only recently that commentators have publicly acknowledged the underlying reason: ordinary Italians want European integration for exactly the reasons that so trouble British Eurosceptics. Just as Bill Cash is appalled by the prospect of decisions being taken in Brussels or by the Bundesbank, Italians are delighted by it.

A history of conquest and occupation by other Europeans has perhaps made Italians more relaxed about rule from outside. But the key motive is their dissatisfaction with rule by other Italians. "Inside the Europeanism of the Italians there is a great need to be governed," Federico Rampini wrote in *La Repubblica* this week. "And if it is not only Rome that is to govern, but also the European Commission (and hopefully severe Germany) the whole thing seems more serious..."

The British, French and Germans resist every cession of sovereignty to Brussels. We bless it as a way of protecting ourselves from ourselves.

That is a remarkable indictment of Italian politicians in the 128 years since unification. It is also a testament to Italy's immaturity and lack of self-confidence.

houses of ill-repute in the capital and to be preserved for posterity, the commission has ruled.

But it also insists that much of the building's interior — particularly the finest surviving examples of a peculiarly Parisian form of interior architecture — the brothel.

"It is a unique monument to its time and well worth keeping out of the hands of the developers," said a commission spokesman.

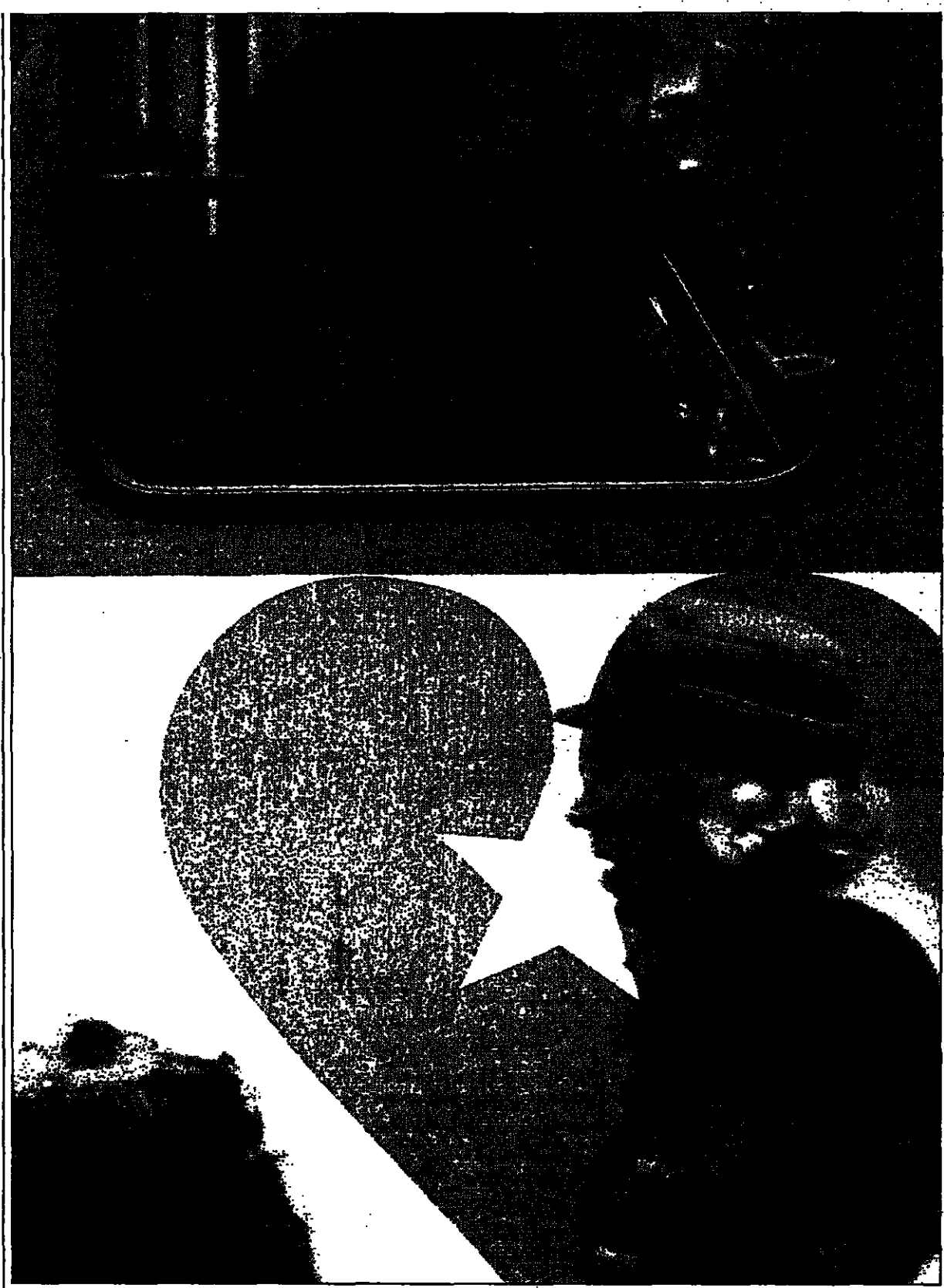
"This was once a very important part of Parisian life, you know."

The anonymous, rather run-down facade and roof of the premises at 32-34 Rue Blondel in the 2nd arrondissement, once one of the largest and best-known

of the French historic monuments commission has slapped a protection order on one of the finest surviving examples of a peculiarly Parisian form of interior architecture — the brothel.

Partially hidden by the waves of the present occupation, a clothes wholesaler, the "period decor" consists mainly of large oval mirrors in gilt frames; walls and ceilings in lurid turquoise, red and pink; and some notable ceramic tile frescoes portraying bawdy-breasted women in a variety of inviting poses.

The plush cloakroom and



A young couple looks through the window of a Bucharest tram painted with hearts for St Valentine's Day. Romanians only started celebrating the day to any extent last year after a television station promoted it. PHOTOGRAPH: VADIM GERDA

Parisian brothel gets rubber stamp

Jon Henley in Paris

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The plush cloakroom and

an ornate winding staircase that once led up to the bedrooms are also to be preserved, the commission has decided, as well as a discreet sign which reads "Aux belles poisses" — roughly translated, "To the beautiful broods".

Little is known of the clientele of the Rue Blondel. Like 1,400 establishments of its kind throughout France, it was forced to close in 1947 under the Marthe-Richard law, named after a zealous Communist deputy.

But Maurice Rheims, now an eminent writer and member of the Académie Française, who remembers, as a young auctioneer, selling off the building's "eye-catching" contents, mourned the

passing of an era. "Just out of adolescence, nothing pleased me more than to go with my friends to one of these maisons closes," he said.

"Each had its own character. Some were more literary, reminiscent of Manasse or Zola, others aesthetic, as you would find in Toulouse-Lautrec. They were fine days."

Greek archaeologists have unearthed what they believe is a 2,000-year-old brothel in the northern city of Salonika.

Among the artefacts found so far at the site, dating to early Roman times, are a clay phallus and a moveable section and a glass jar depicting Aphrodite, the ancient Greek goddess of love.

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Baghdad claims to have missile

Arms

David Fairhall
Defence Correspondent

A DEFIANT Iraq added to its confrontation with the United States yesterday by revealing the existence of what it claims is an entirely new ballistic missile.

The Iraqi foreign minister, Mohammed Said al-Sahhaf, told diplomats in Cairo the new missile had been "released into the Iraqi skies". He said it was called Samad — Arabic for steadfast — and it was "100 per cent Iraqi".

Baghdad is claiming this is another variant of the Soviet Scud missile, which Iraqi engineers have modified and which are supposed to have been destroyed at the behest of the United Nations.

The Iraqi minister was quoted by the Al-Hayat newspaper as saying the Scud's range was 80 miles — yet enough, Germany has agreed to loan 150,000 medical kits and Switzerland is offering 25,000 masks.

reach Kuwait City from Iraq but not Tel Aviv or Riyadh, hit by extended-range Scud or Al-Hussein missiles in the Gulf war.

Whether the missile is a new design or a cut-down Scud with a heavier warhead, its existence will complicate the UN inspectors' search for the remnants of Saddam Hussein's armory.

Of the 819 Scuds delivered by the former Soviet Union, all but two have been accounted for. But the Iraqis are believed to have built airframes and engines for two or three dozen of the 400-mile range Al-Hussein derivative and extended-range Scuds.

With this threat presumably in mind, the Israeli Defence Minister Yitzhak Mordechai said yesterday his government would ask the US to delay any military strike against Iraq until Israel had completed its defence preparations. The population is being issued with gas masks and medical antidotes to chemical and biological weapons, but there are not yet enough. Germany has agreed to loan 150,000 medical kits and Switzerland is offering 25,000 masks.

Cypriot talks hang on poll

Melania Smith in Nicosia

THE presidential election run-off in Cyprus tomorrow should determine not only the political make-up of the island but the future of its long-stalled intercommunal peace talks.

Amid strong international pressure to solve the dispute, the poll has sent passions skyrocketing in a way rarely seen since the Turkish invasion in 1974.

Both Glafkos Clerides, the veteran conservative who is seeking a second five-year term in office, and his communist-backed challenger George Iakovou, acknowledge that the election outcome will affect the negotiations.

With the EU accession talks also due to begin next month, the future of the former British colony is also at stake. The talks could be put on hold if there are no compromises on either side.

The two front-runners are, therefore, conducting Irish campaigns, following their neck-and-neck first round last Sunday with an all-out effort to get vital votes. Last night their parties acknowledged spending more than £200,000 flying more than 10,000 supporters from Britain and Greece to the ballot.

The scramble for support has intensified since the socialist EOKA party — whose surprise 10.5 per cent placed it as kingmaker after the first round — refused to openly endorse either Mr Clerides, aged 73, or Mr Iakovou, aged 59, in the run-off.

Mr Clerides is believed to have won about 3,000 votes in 1993. This time, in a week's intense political horse-trading, he has managed to secure the backing of four smaller parties, whose total vote exceeded 8 per cent in the first round. Some betting shops are giving Mr Clerides odds of 15-1.

International mediators, including President Clinton's senior trouble-shooter Richard Holbrooke, say they will be making their "big push" on the island once the new president is inaugurated later this month.

With the Greek Cypriots in the south and Turkish Cypriots in the north involved in an arms race, the mediators are keen to act before the deployment of a range of Russian anti-aircraft missiles bought by Mr Clerides last year.

The weapons, which are being assembled in St Petersburg, have added to mounting tension between Greece and Turkey. Ankara has vowed to destroy the missiles if they are installed.

Mr Clerides is still regarded as the man best placed to protect the fragile peace in Cyprus. Some diplomats believe he has more room to manoeuvre than Mr Iakovou, a former foreign minister, who is also backed by hardline nationalists.

In private Mr Clerides says he is willing to make the compromises for a solution, especially one that would be associated with his name in perpetuity.

Unlike his rival, Mr Clerides has known the Turkish Cypriot leader, Rauf Denktash, since the 1960s, when they led the intercommunal talks to unite the two island communities in a loose bizonal federation.

"The Cyprus problem is 90 per cent solved," said one Greek Cypriot insider.

"What it needs is for someone to make the necessary compromises."

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Morocco's troubled succession

King seeks unity as his son's legacy

David Sharrock in Casablanca finds the future uncertain

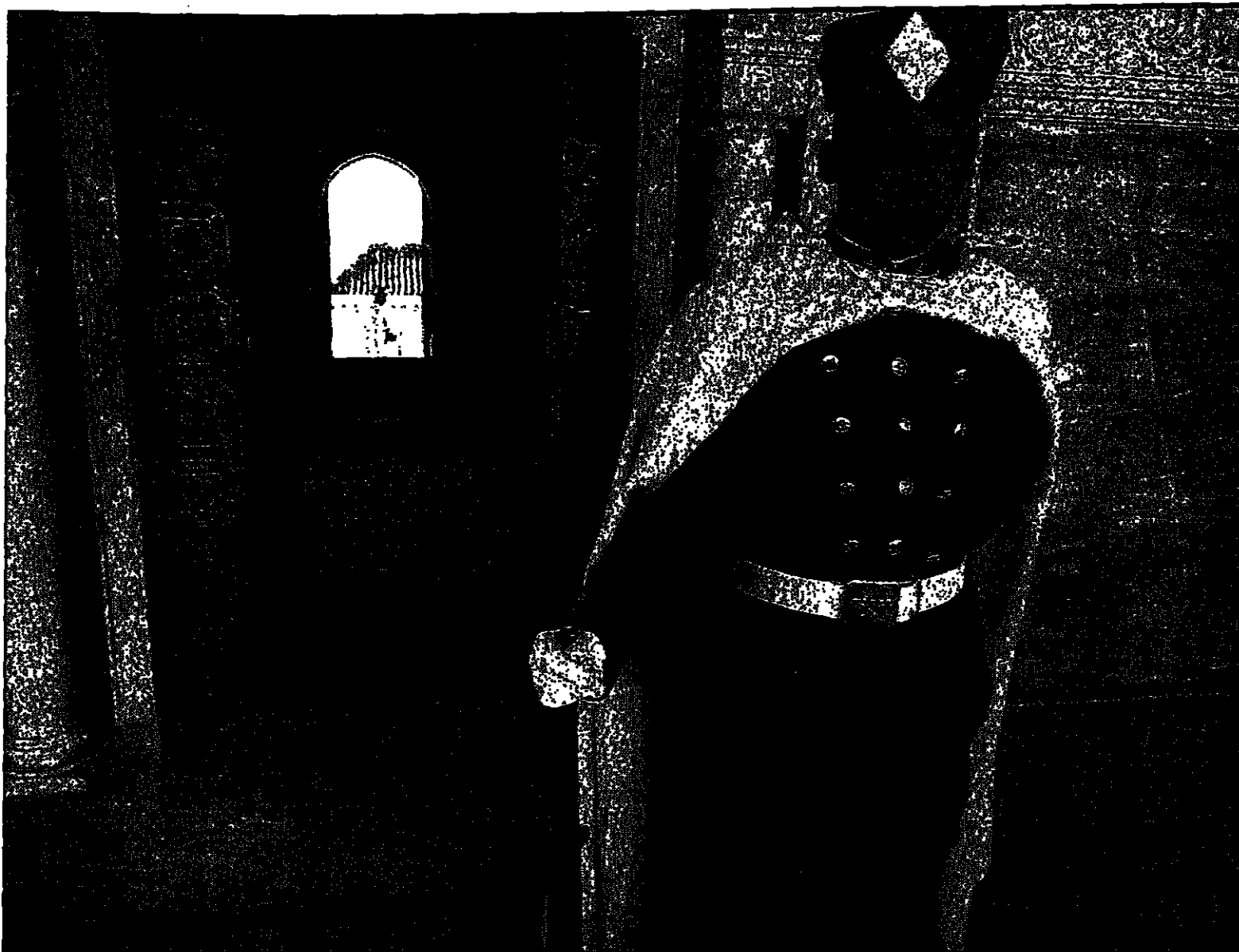
AT FRIDAY prayers the vast Hassan II mosque should be thronging with people, but in a small act of defiance its immense square is empty. A few hundred yards away a tiny and decrepit mosque is crammed full.

The Hassan II mosque, completed eight years ago at a cost of \$250 million — most of it borne by public subscription — is thought by some to be intended as King Hassan's eventual resting place.

"It is a beautiful building, but you don't worship inside a mausoleum," a Casablanca smiles.

The 66-year-old king, known as the Unifier, the Saviour, Commander of the Faithful, but more often than not simply as *Ma'jesta*, is not yet ready for eternal rest. But there are signs that the question of mortality is weighing more heavily on his mind.

The succession may seem a simple matter. His heir is the 32-year-old Prince Sidi Mohammed. But to those who matter — Morocco's aspirant middle class and some in the ruling political elite — it is inconceivable that the *Makhzen* system of government, which has survived four centuries and long periods of colonisation by the European powers, will continue indefinitely.



The mausoleum of Mohammed V, King Hassan's father, in Rabat. A \$325m mosque may become the king's own resting place

PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN SMITH

Under *Makhzen* — which gave Spain its word *almacen*, a store from which food and other benefits are distributed to the people — every facet of Moroccan rule leads back to the king through an intricate web of privileged bureaucrats.

"For more than 30 years he has played a good game," a diplomat comments. "But after so long everyone is wondering how much longer he will last and what will come after him."

After a serious illness and a damning World Bank report, the king embarked on a programme of constitutional reform — *la démocratie hasanienne* — culminating in last autumn's elections to a new bicameral parliament.

The king reserves the right to dissolve both chambers, but his enthusiasm for bringing centre-left opposition parties into government was seen as significant.

This month he finally appointed a prime minister.

Abderrahmane El Yousoufi, leader of the Socialist Union of People's Forces, the first opposition figure to head the government in Hassan's 37 years as king.

It is another cautious step

There is a profound crisis here. The problem we face is that we are always waiting on His Majesty to do something.

towards preventing what the king recently referred to as the danger of an "explosion" in Moroccan society as the gap between the haves and have-nots widens further.

The "explosion" which most Moroccans fear has already taken place in neighbouring Algeria, and its experience serves as a political reminder of what may happen here.

Parked outside the home of Fathallah Arsalane in a Rabat suburb is an unmarked vehicle of the secret police. Mr Arsalane is number two in the Islamist Justice and Charity movement, whose leader, Abdessalam Yassine,

has been under house arrest for the past eight years. Although another Islamist party contested the elections, Justice and Charity boycotted them. It has a strong and disciplined following in the universities and, according to some estimates, the support of 10,000 youngsters in the cities.

Mr Arsalane presents himself as a moderate, steering

away from overt criticism of the king, prudently offering no hostages to fortune by publicly admiring Islamic models of government, such as that in Iran. His message is national renewal through dialogue.

"There is a profound crisis here, social, political and economic, an accumulation of factors which began with our independence," he says.

"There is no credibility to the latest political game, there is no political will to change this country. The problem we face is that we are always waiting on His Majesty to do something."

"The silent majority plays no part in politics here, which is why we need a national dialogue. This artificial fabrication of a parliament has only deepened the crisis."

He doubts Morocco could ever descend into an Algerian-style civil war. "What we might have is more like an intifada, such as the Palestin-

ians have waged. But the danger is that the crisis is so deep that it could get out of control."

By remaining outside King Hassan's "political game", Justice and Charity claims — in the face of a party political system whose leadership has barely changed in 30 years — to be the real opposition.

In a country where 40 per cent of the people live on less than \$1 a day and youth unemployment touches 25 per cent, such a stance may suggest that it is only a matter of time before Morocco explodes.

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Sonia Gandhi gives Congress last-minute fillip

Suzanne Goldenberg in New Delhi

INDIA'S mightiest political force, the rightwing Hindu, Bharatiya Janata Party, is facing panic in its ranks as opinion polls show that power is slipping from its grasp in the final days before voting starts in the general election on Monday.

Until a few weeks ago the BJP appeared to be steam-rolling towards victory in the elections which will span four days. But the night of the party has been dissolved by the appeal of the latest claimant to the family dynasty that has ruled India through 50 years of independence: Sonia Gandhi.

An opinion poll to be published in India Today magazine at the weekend gives the BJP and its allies their lowest tally yet: 214 seats in the 543-seat parliament. Mrs Gandhi's Congress party and its allies are given 164 seats, and the United Front coalition of the fallen prime minister I. K. Gujral 127 seats — enough for a coalition government should the quarrelling forces unite.

The poll is a dramatic assessment of the BJP's fortunes since Mrs Gandhi entered active politics. Two other surveys also show that Mrs Gandhi, though elusive and a poor public speaker, is winning back support for her divided and demoralised party.

The BJP was also stung yesterday by calls for its president, Lal Kishan Advani, to withdraw from the electoral fray after a watchdog panel included his name among 72 criminals contesting these elections. Mr Advani faces charges of incitement in connection with the destruction of the Babri Masjid mosque in Ayodhya five years ago.

The BJP has responded to the findings by stepping up its plea for a majority verdict, claiming it is the only party capable of providing stable government in a country undergoing its second election in less than two years.

Privately, however, party leaders were huddled in crisis meetings earlier this week at the Delhi home of its prime ministerial candidate, Atal Bihari Vajpayee.

Yesterday Mr Vajpayee abruptly abandoned plans to address a big rally near Varanasi, leaving thousands of supporters waiting while he held another crisis session.

Mr Vajpayee, an urbane poet who has cultivated a statesmanlike image, is the most popular candidate for prime minister, dwarfing the ratings for Sonia Gandhi and Mr Gujral. But his party has been unable to shake off its association with upper-caste and puritanical Hindu hardliners who are seen as foes of the Muslims, the Dalits (formerly untouchables), and women.

But according to a Times of India poll yesterday, the BJP is on course for 250 seats, which could bring it to power, given enough allies for a coalition. It has been struggling to broaden its base, making pre-election alliances with regional parties.

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And a state where he will no longer need to lock the doors to the smaller mosque — and all those like it scattered across Morocco — at the end of every prayer session.

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Monica Edwards

A child of land and sea

MONICA Edwards, who has died aged 85, will be remembered by those who were teenage readers 30 years ago. The latest Romney Marsh or Puncture Farm story was eagerly seized upon by young people anxious to follow the further exploits of Tamzin, Rissa, Roger and Mervyn, or of Dion and Lindsey Thornton.

Monica Edwards' first book, *Wish for a Pony*, appeared in 1947 and immediately appealed to devotees of "horse" stories. But, as she developed her characters, she also developed her plots, tackling such important subjects as a lifeboat disaster in *Storm Ahead* (1963), rescuing oil-seekers in *Operation Seabird* (1967), and the threat to the livelihood of the Rye Harbour fishermen in *The Nightbird* (1965).

In this canon, a Romney Marsh story was always preceded by one set at Puncture Farm. The Romney Marsh stories, featuring the vicar's daughter, Tamzin Grey, and her friends, were based on Monica's own childhood, when children were free to roam and explore without adult supervision. The maps in the books were faithful to the area and included Rye (Dunsford) and Winchelsea (Winklessea). The Puncture Farm stories reflected her farming days near the Devil's Punch Bowl in Thurstle, Surrey.

She and her illustrator, Geoffrey Whittam, had an excellent relationship and he usually saw the latest manuscript before her publishers. Although few readers enjoyed the lifestyle of her fictional heroes, they could relate to her characters in much the same way as lovers of Arthur Ransome's



Edwards... teenage yarns

books related to his young adventures. She created real people, not cardboard cutouts.

In addition to her books for children, Monica Edwards wrote five autobiographical books for adults, chronicling her life after she bought Puncture Farm in 1947, the purchase of which was as accidental as the version in *Black Hunting Whip* (1950). The last of the adult books, *The Valley and the Farm* (1971) described her husband's tractor accident in 1968, which made the sale of the farm inevitable.

Monica Edwards was born in Belper, Derbyshire, one of the four children of the Rev Harry and Beryl Newton. Her father was somewhat absentminded, frequently forgetting his children's names, and no-one seems to have noticed that Monica missed nearly a year of school after the family moved to Rye. She spent many hours with local fishermen absorbing their yarns and storing them away in her memory, to be brought out again years later in her books.

In 1933, she married a Rye man, Bill Edwards. They shared an interest in the countryside and, after they moved to Puncture Farm, her husband took to farming as though born to it. Monica had a keen interest in wildlife, spending many nights watching and photographing badgers and keeping meticulous notes. Animals played an important part in all the books: cats and dogs, as well as the horses, and, in one work, *The Wild One* (1967), an escaped puma. In 1960, the year I first met her, Monica was voted Children's Author of the Year by Foyle's Children's Book Club, jointly winning the award with C.W. Johns, of *Biggles* fame.

After the sale of the farm, Monica and her husband moved to a smaller house in the valley, but retained 12 acres of woodland which is left to the Woodland Trust. Bill Edwards died in 1990 and, although Monica's failing eyesight deprived her of one of her greatest pleasures, reading, she was still able to enjoy her walks through the valley. She leaves a son and a daughter.

Susan Dickenson

Monica Edwards, writer and countrywoman, born November 8, 1912; died January 18, 1998

Letters

Nathene Arnaudis writes: I was a close friend of Martin Beyer (obituary, January 19) for 35 years and trained as a solicitor under him at Birkbeck Montagu. He afforded many young people the opportunity of entering into the law and was always wise, supportive and encouraging.

It was therefore galling when one of his erstwhile article clerks claimed to be the Mr X who had done all the work for the International Defence and Aid Fund, whereas all he had done was to run messages for Martin. Martin was philosophical about putting the record straight, which was typical of his self-effacement and modesty.

Drusilla Sutherland writes: I was interested to read your obituary of Richard Hornberger (January 9), which concentrated solely on his career and fame as the author of M.A.S.H. My family knew

him solely as a doctor, when we lived in Maine during the 1950s-1960s; he was considered one of the best surgeons in the Waterville area for many years. He was my father's doctor and performed a major stomach operation on my dad back in 1952, saving his life. My mother claimed that Donald Sutherland (in the film) resembled him somewhat, but, as always, fiction takes over from fact.

Frank Carpenter writes: After reading your obituary of Klaus Fennel (January 19) I spent the evening listening to his masterly interpretation of Mahler's 5th Symphony, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra back in 1978. Clearly they were inspired by his subtle directions, both in volume and tempo, which still come over well on my EMI LPs. A sad loss, but thank goodness for recording technology.

Richard Cooper

Young in mind and vision

RICHARD Cooper, who has died aged 67, was an award-winning writer for children's television. His work was intelligent and thought-provoking. He believed that children were an all-important audience, which deserved to be treated seriously.

He was born in Warrington and educated firstly at Beller Grammar School and later at Esme Church's Northern Theatre School. He then worked in the theatre as an actor, director, lecturer and drama festival adjudicator. In 1964, he took a teaching course and spent 17 years teaching drama at St Mary's College of Education in Northumberland.

It was while Cooper was at St Mary's that he began to write, initially stage plays, many of which were performed at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe. His early profes-

sional work was for the Northumberland Theatre Company and the Newcastle Playhouse, for which he wrote *All Change*, with CP Taylor, who was very much his mentor, and Alex Glasgow.

His first completed work for television was a children's adventure series, *Quest for Eagles*, commissioned by Tyne Tees Television, and set amongst the Polish community on Tyneside. It was at this stage of his career that I first met Richard Cooper, at a memorable lunch at the Oyster Bar in Edinburgh, during the festival. As a result of our meeting, I commissioned his first work for the BBC, *Code Name Icarus*, a thriller based on the idea of exploiting gifted children.

Other commissions for children's television followed: *Knights of God*, a 13-part series for TVS, a po-

litical thriller, set in the year 2020, which used the Arthurian legend as a framework to explore the nature of power and dictatorship.

In 1983, Cooper won the Writers' Guild Best Children's Award for his series *The Eye of the Storm*. His major work for adult television was *Shadow of the Noose*, an eight-part series for BBC3 based on the life and cases of Sir Edward Marshall Hall.

COOOPER will be remembered by his many friends for his intellect, wit, kindness and his faith (he was a convert to the Catholic Church). The picture of Richard, which I will remember, is of him sitting with a glass at his side (wine or beer), constantly tamping at his often unit pipe and talking. He was a fine talker, a great

listener and a mentor to many people. Working on a project with him was always a treat. He enjoyed discussing his early draft, arguing and re-working and, unlike many other writers, he welcomed the input of producers and directors.

Latterly Richard, and his wife Mariene, lived in a village in the Charente, in France, where he was soon adopted by the local community. He was always supported by his wife and his family, six children and nine grandchildren. His last work for television, an adaptation with Peter Tabern of Captain Marryat's *Children of the New Forest*, will be broadcast by the BBC later this year.

Anna Home

Richard Fairhurst Cooper, writer, born April 5, 1930; died February 2, 1998

Appreciation: Lesslie Newbigin

Martin Conway writes:

YOU put my name under your obituary of Bishop Lesslie Newbigin (February 7) along with that of the late Christopher Driver, no doubt because you were using a couple of quotations from things I have written in earlier years. I should have wished you also to stress in the obituary these three dimensions of his long and immensely influential life:

1. Overall appreciation: Lesslie Newbigin was one of the few church leaders this century of whom it deserves to be said that they have reshaped the obedience of the world-wide Church. No-one except possibly his long-standing companion, Dr W.A. Visser't Hooft, has done more to make the World Council of Churches into such a key force for new vision and the spirit throughout the world. Few have done more to nerve the churches of India for their huge tasks.

No one has more keenly and sharply called Christians into a "new missionary endeavour" with the unconscious ideologies of the contemporary West, a task about which both the West and the rest of the world will one day, soon - pray God - discover the scale of their proper gratitude.

2. A giant intellect: having, as a young man, thrown himself into the life and commitments of the Student Christian Movement between the

wars, Newbigin maintained into his last days an eager commitment to truth, and therefore to following through the appropriate arguments, whether with other writers (typical that his first book should be a debate with no less a figure than John Middleton Murry), with leading thinkers of the past (at his funeral one friend saw him now preparing to tackle Descartes, Locke and Kant) or with the *Zeitgeist* of the West (whether the *Reagan/Thatcher* or *Clinton/Blair*).

3. The missionary: throughout his adult life, Newbigin knew his first calling and joy to be that of making Christ known. This informed virtually all his speaking, writing and acting.

He was a conspicuous success in not getting lost in the intricacies of committee work or in the technicalities of the philosophical argument. Always his main concern was now the truth is being seen and expressed, how actual people, not least the poorest, would appreciate its challenge and promise.

Yet he was always just as conspicuously a modest, gentle and humorous man, composing limericks out of tongue-twisting names, while away the sleepless hours, never concerned for his own prestige, but simply for the well-being of his neighbours and for the life-and-hope-giving truth that God has made known once for all in Jesus Christ.

Junior Kimbrough

Back to basic blues

"HE'S the beginning and the end of music," the rockabilly artist Charlie Feathers once said of the blues singer and guitarist Junior Kimbrough, who has died aged 67. His hypnotic tumbling strains seemed to drift down to our ears, as if from a far-off planet.

That makes him sound like the sort of bluesman who is "discovered", usually advanced in years, playing his memories while the musical mainstream flows indifferently past. But Kimbrough had an enthusiastic audience for two decades in his own community, the countryside around Holly Springs in northern Mississippi, where he spent his entire life.

He had experienced a whiff of discovery in the late 1970s, when his song *Meet Me in the City*, informally taped by a local radio station, was played in Charlie Gillett's Radio London show *Honky Tonk* and issued on the album *The Honky Tonk Demos*. Even

earlier, he had made a single for a Memphis label. But it was the late Robert Palmer's 1991 film documentary *Deep Blues* that gave the sexagenarian bluesman the makings of a more than local career. He and his friend and contemporary, R.I. Burnside, found themselves at the centre of a blue scene, which attracted not only students from the University of Mississippi in nearby Oxford, but also visiting film-makers and rock 'n' roll luminaries like the Rolling Stones and U2.

In his albums for Palmer's Oxford-based label, Fat Possum - *All Night Long* (1993), *Sad Days, Lonely Nights* (1995) and *Most Things Haven't Worked Out* (1997) - Kimbrough staked a claim on a distinctively intense, meditative blues style. Playing alone, he had some of the brooding air of the young John Lee Hooker, and when he added a bass guitarist, and his son Kenny Malone on drums, to make his house-party music, little of that studied, mesmerizing monotony was dispelled.

Yet outsiders, who tried to join in his apparently simple routines, were often discomfited by their inability to find his beat. Junior Kimbrough's music was not elementary but elemental.

Tony Russell

David (Junior) Kimbrough, blues musician, born 1930; died January 16, 1998



Officers and gentlemen... this study of US soldiers dancing at West Point Military Academy in 1957 was one of many celebrated photographs taken by the French photo-journalist Pierre Boulat, who has died, aged 73. During a 23-year career with Life magazine - launched in 1953 with a dramatic picture of a tornado hovering over Paris - he covered the Algerian war and the Suez crisis, and produced incisive portraits of, among others, Aristotle Onassis, Arthur Rubinstein, Duke Ellington and Federico Fellini. He also chronicled 30 years of Yves Saint Laurent creations.

Face to Faith

The state the Church is in

Ludovic Kennedy

FOR MORE than 400 years the Church of England has been subservient to the state, as was demonstrated again recently when Tony Blair exercised his prerogative as Prime Minister to reject both the candidates put forward for the bishopric of Liverpool, and the whole question of the relationship between Church and state. Disestablishment, or not, is once again in the melting pot.

The Prime Minister, himself a regular churchgoer, wants to keep things as they are, believing that monarchy, Church and state are the three pillars of our society; to which I would say that the Church is crumbling and the monarchy is crumbling. The Archbishop of Canterbury agrees on the grounds that disestablishment would send out a message that England is no longer a Christian country, which, in fact, it is not.

A former Archbishop of York, Dr John Habgood, has said that disestablishment does the Church little harm and the nation much good, which is also debatable, while the Bishop of St Albans sees disestablishment as a springboard for the spiritually minded; but couldn't a disestablished Church still be that?

Today, the disestablishmentarians are in the ascendant. Seven years ago, a poll of 100 clergy showed 56 per cent in favour to 38 per cent against. I guess that, if a similar poll were taken now, the margin would be much narrower; former anti would be content to accept loss of prestige in return for the freedom to run their own show.

The most outspoken of senior clergy in favour is Rt Rev Colin Buchanan, Bishop of Woolwich, who is clear that it cannot be right for a minority denomination to have a privileged position in the law and the constitution; that the leader of the majority party in the House of Commons should have power to appoint bishops; that MPs, who are not obliged to reveal their own religious beliefs, should have the final say in how the Church is run; that the 26 bishops, who sit in the Lords (and who may disappear when the Lords is reformed), are political appointees; and that every parishioner has the legal right to be married in church without having to declare whether he or she is a Christian or not.

This issue has become a running story because every day brings us nearer to the death of the Queen and the accession of the Prince of Wales. The question then will be whether, as an adulterer and a divorcee, he can, contrary to Church law, legitimately accept the titles bestowed on Henry VIII, his heirs and successors, as Defender of the Faith and Supreme Governor. At present, the oath requires him to affirm that he will "maintain and pre-

serve" the Church's doctrines and forms of worship. This ignores other faiths, and a suggestion has been made that the oath could be amended to include them, in keeping with the Prince's wish to be defender or guardian of all faiths.

But there are other problems. Since the last coronation nearly 50 years ago, people's attitudes to the monarchy have changed. Then, the crowning of a young and attractive queen, together with the pomp and ritual of the occasion, was a thrilling event, which held the nation, and much of the world, spellbound. It will not be like that next time, when the recipient of the crown will be a middle-aged, balding, slightly tarnished figure; and, to my mind, there could be something faintly ridiculous in making him the centre of a full-blown coronation ceremony with all its antique pageantry and pomp. Perhaps he thinks so too.

Another problem is Dr Carey saying that if the Prince were to marry Camilla that could cause a crisis in the Church. If he means the Church's laws would conflict with him carrying out the act of crowning, then there would be a crisis, because if he didn't do it, no other prelate could. All of which leads me to wonder whether we need a coronation ceremony at all. After all, Charles will have been king ever since the death of his mother several months before. What need is there for a formal confirmation of it?

ON the disestablishment issue, I'm all in favour. If we had a president rather than a monarch, it would be plainly absurd to require him, as part of his job, to adhere to a particular religion. I have always thought of religion as an entirely private matter, and to bind the head of state to a religion he may not personally favour, and in which few of its citizens any longer believe, seems to be a contradiction.

In bygone days the state religion was a factor that gave society cohesion and, if you dissented, you would probably end up at the stake. The social cohesion we enjoy today is based on something more mundane: sport, especially football, enjoyment of which can be shared at city, county, country and international level; and television, of which one can say the same.

In the long run, however, whether the Church is disestablished or not, is of little matter. With only two people in every 100 attending Sunday services, Christianity in this country is a fading spiritual level; and television, of which one can say the same.

Ludovic Kennedy is an author and broadcaster

Weekend birthdays

THE political staying power of the only Lebanese-American in the Clinton cabinet, Donna Shalala, 57 today, should be a surprise: after all, it was in her area, as Health and Human Services Secretary, that the US president suffered his biggest defeat to date - on healthcare reform. Hillary took the blame for that disaster - which was just as well because, since the Monica Lewinsky scandal broke, it has been terribly useful having stolid Donna around as one of Clinton's staunchest supporters. A former president of the University of Wisconsin, she has won points for her skills as a departmental manager. Committedly unmarried, her greatest love seems to be her pet dog - framed photos of which adorn her Washington home.

Today's other birthdays: Prof Evelyn Ebsworth, chemist, vice-chancellor, Durham University, 66; Kevin Keegan, footballer, 47; Anita Klein, painter and printmaker, 86; Chris Lewis, cricketer, 86; Mannaia Maleeva, tennis player, 31; Michael Rudman, theatre director and producer, 58; Dr Sir Albert Sloman, educationalist, 77; Sir Jocelyn Stevens, chairman, English Heritage, 68; Marg-



ret Wright, chief commissioner, Guide Association, 56.

Tomorrow's birthdays: Clive Aslet, editor, Country Life, 43; Sir Harold Beoley, historian, 87; Claire Bloom, actress, 67; Frank Dunlop, theatre director, 71; Diana Jones, jockey, 48; Troy Kennedy Martin, screenwriter, 66; Clare Short, MP, Secretary of State for International Development, 52.

Death Notices

FARRETT, John Stanford BSc, PhD (BSc), 69, died 12th Feb. A lovely man who will be sorely missed. Husband of Frances and excellent father to four children. Buried at St Paul's Church, Gorton at 11.00am Wed. Feb. 19th. Family flowers only please. Donations to St Paul's or Action for South Africa.

HYDE, Kenneth Edwin, educationalist and author, died 12th Feb. Buried at St Paul's Church, Gorton at 11.00am Wed. Feb. 19th. Family flowers only please. Donations to St Paul's or Action for South Africa.

TRAVIS, peacefully at his home in the presence of his family, on Tuesday February 10th 1998, at 72 years of age. A devoted husband of Brenda, a loving father and grandfather. A teacher, a scholar and a friend. Buried at St Paul's Church, Gorton at 11.00am Wed. Feb. 19th.

Memorial Services
MORRIS, Mervyn, Mozart's requiem. Saturday 14th March 2.00pm, St Augustine, Kilburn Park Rd, Maida Vale, London NW6.

Engagements
HOLANDAY, Mike and Avril Nolan of Alfreton, Derby, are delighted to announce the engagement of their son Patrick to Pamela Davis, of Macclesfield.

WTO place your announcement telephone 0171 733 4667 or fax 0171 733 4128 between 9am and 3pm Mon-Fri.

CORRECTIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS

THE BOEING aircraft which crashed on to the M1 in January, 1989, was a 737 and not a 747 as stated in a report on Page 6, February 10.

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor, Ian Mayes, by telephoning 0171 239 9589 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Fax: 0171 239 9597. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk



Cooper... he believed children should be treated seriously

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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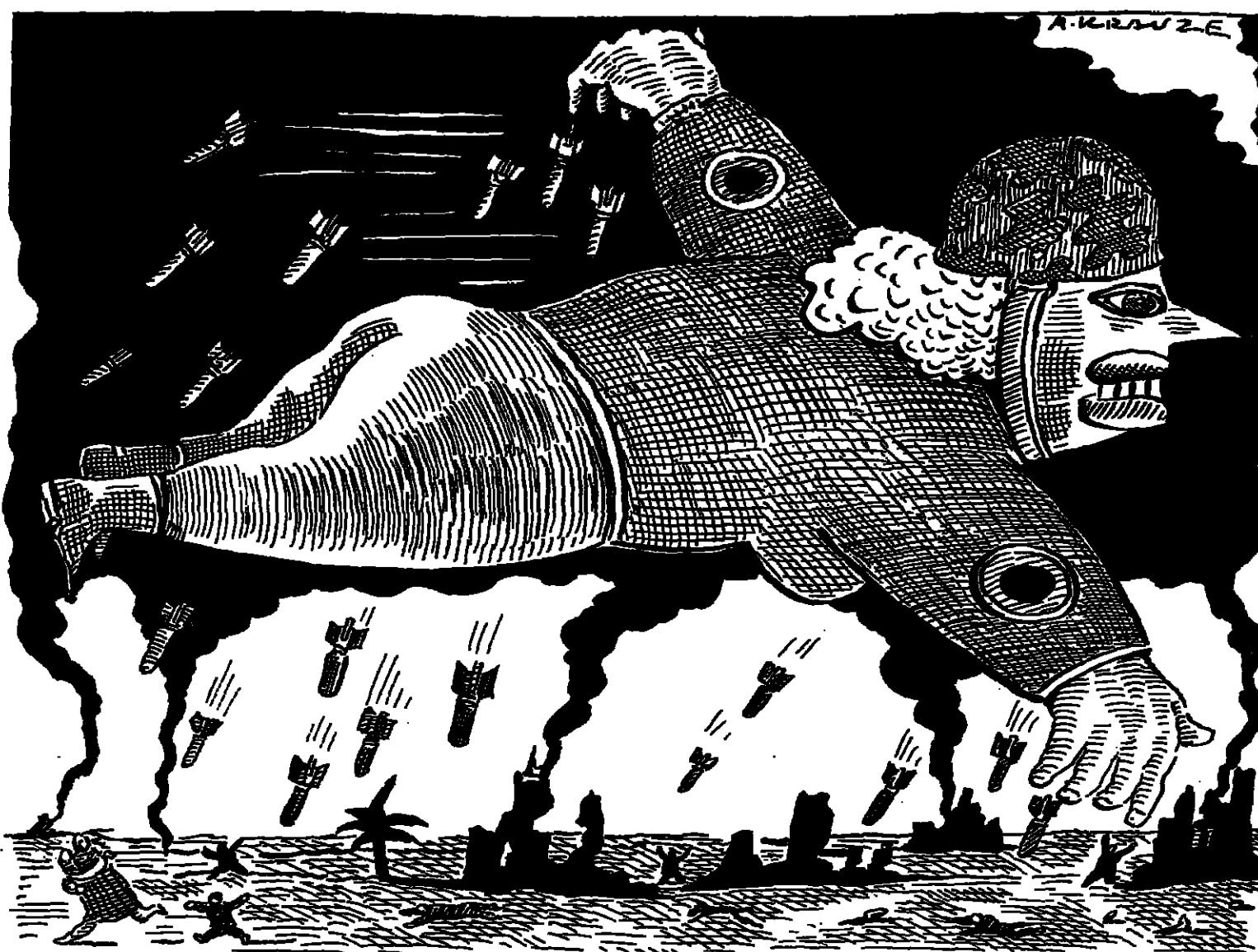
Mark Lawson



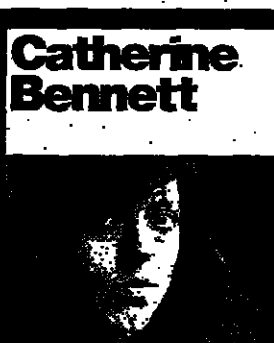
Keeping the corpse propped up in bed

IDEALLY, investigative books should establish definite facts in a narrative which might have become mangled by newspaper haste. What Santon and MacLeod more often do is to set down rival speculations on which they are unable to cast further light. The reader goes into the book knowing that Mohammed Al Fayed is claimed to have been told Diana's final words by a hospital nurse but that others dismiss this claim. The book presents an encounter between Al Fayed and the nurse as unchallenged fact, the prose taking on that rocky novelistic voice characteristic of the genre: "Al Fayed was approached by an official he knew." Yet

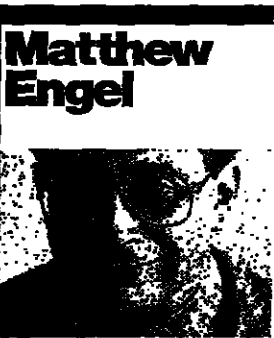
When will it be understood that intrusion is not purely visual? If there is one pleasing aspect of this money-grubbing publishing enterprise, it is that the one journalistic group unable to benefit from it are the paparazzi, a group still impotent at the very least in harassment in the final days of the princess's life. They are unable to disguise their absence from their work. The editors and writers, unfortunately, can just make it.



Gun girls



Travel sick



But less dedicated souls do worry about such matters. Indeed, the whole question of class and travel is rapidly becoming one of British industry's biggest hidden costs, because so much time is spent

It seems to be no more than a piece of feminist zealotry

where they might soon get the opportunity to bomb Iraqi women and children, is also presented as an achievement. Kate Muir, the author of *Arms And The Woman*, recently reported that the women on HMS Nottingham and HMS Coventry are on 24-hour alert — "If it comes to

I happen to be small and a couple of workouts away from being the right weight, and I

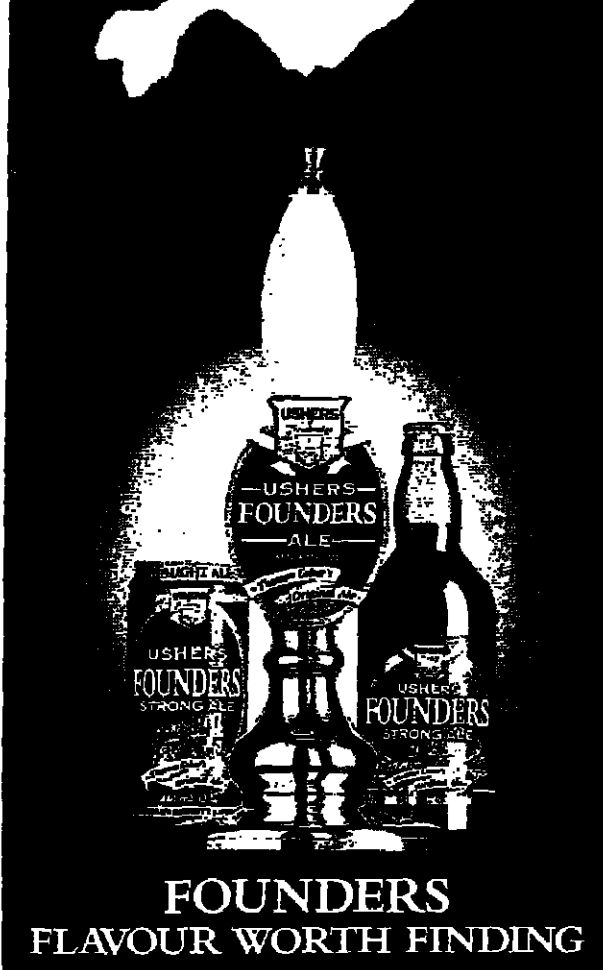
The airlines know business

And the one development that the airlines do seem to be on to is the gradual introduction of the in-flight phone. Is there to be no escape? Either travellers are going to have to start rebelling, and demanding the chance to fly in only moderate discomfort at moderate prices, or there is going to be a lot to be said for spending the 21st century at home.

**Looking good
in bare essentials**

Celebrate with me tonight.
I'm a brunette my body is
smooth, and best enjoyed in
a see-through number.

Reply Box 149



Sir Bob back on fast track

Reputations

DAVID GOW and KEITH HARPER ask if the balm of public service has cooled Railtrack chief Bob Horton's ambition

HIS abrasive, arrogant, ambitious, abrupt and autocratic, and that covers just the first letter of the alphabet. Bob — Sir Robert — Horton is living proof of the adage that it is hard to live down a reputation acquired at a traumatic stage of one's life — in his case, the humiliating dismissal from his job as chairman of BP nearly six years ago after repeatedly antagonising the oil group's board.

But 'Rob', as he is known to his wife, family and friends, an altogether kinder, more complex man in private life, may too be gradually becoming more at ease with himself, with the burning spear of ambition tempered now by the balm of personal recovery and a life of public service. He has more than survived the vilification he suffered not just as the first BP chairman and chief executive to be fired, but as the private sector's hatchet-man sent in to deal with the rail industry's cumbersome, costly industrial relations during the 1994 signallers' strike. He was the embodiment of Thatcherite devilishness for Labour's then shadow transport secretary, Clare Short, in the run-up to the 1996 flotation of Railtrack.

As Labour seeks a saviour for the Channel link and to rescue London Underground from collapse, Bob Horton, once aspiring Tory cabinet minister, has emerged in some quarters as the Government's white knight.

With its shares trading at more than twice the 390p fully-paid price at flotation, a healthy government subsidy and the prospect of a £400 million profit this year, Railtrack is so cash rich that it is in a powerful position to call the shots in its fight to persuade ministers and rail regulator John Swift that it needs a better return to shareholders



Thatcherite devil or rail saviour? Sir Bob has the intellectual weapons, but many on the left are likely to be uneasy about his rapport with the Government. PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN ARNOLD

if it is to ride to the rescue of above all, London Underground and the Channel link.

"He's played his cards very skilfully at Railtrack and got the Government on his side," says one City analyst. "The reason for that is that Railtrack is committed to putting £16 billion into an industry successive governments neglected for 40 years, and that's one helluva lot of money off Gordon Brown's budget."

In Whitehall they are not quite so sure. John Prescott is known to be cool about the way Horton seems to be laying down his own terms for rescuing the Channel link. "Railtrack are yackety-yacking all the time, aren't they? You don't know what they are going to say next," says the Deputy Prime Minister. Certainly Mr Prescott wants the link, but not at any cost.

That Horton has manoeuvred himself into pole position is an extraordinary

achievement. In 1993 he had spent 35 years at BP, from sponsored student at St Andrews university to the top seat at the boardroom, a model of success and corporate loyalty. Then suddenly he was blamed for a financial crisis involving debts of nearly \$9 billion and cash hemorrhaging at the rate of £1 billion a year. BP's share price slumped to a low of 185p — it is now 785p — along with the dividend.

They will not discuss the Horton regime at BP, but elsewhere there are those who say Horton shouldered too much of the blame, and that anyway it was he who created the culture change that enabled first Lord Simon, his successor, and then John Browne, to re-create the oil group as a global commercial success. After all Horton is still fêted in Cleveland, Ohio, for his role in turning around not

just Standard Oil but probably the city itself.

Perhaps they liked his in-your-face management style. That is what he thinks. He has said: "The two words people used about me were 'arrogant' and 'abrasive'. I don't think that I am. I tend to say what I think and I don't intend to disguise it."

"I have always been more comfortable in the US because my approach is straightforward. In America that's regarded as favourable, here it is seen as abrupt, confrontational and arrogant."

It is the latter impression that is etched on to the memory of the rail unions after the 1994 strike, prompted at least in part by the Tory administration. "He was out of his depth. It was a very high-profile dispute and he lost the PR battle by a mile," said one senior official.

Horton made a series of publicity gaffes which were

capped by an embarrassing session with the Commons employment committee, in which he could not even answer simple questions about his staff's rates of pay.

ONE of the last government's senior advisers said: "Bob came in thinking that he could continue very much as he had done in the private sector. He was supremely overconfident and failed to realise that the government had a political agenda, and he could not operate as if he was still a managing director."

Horton inherited a fledgling organisation, staffed by many old-timers from British Rail, ill-fitted to carry out the new demands of a private sector company with clear public responsibilities. Moving Railtrack has been rather like turning a liner in mid-ocean.

It is clear that Horton has found it easier to answer to shareholders — still basking from the benefits of a company sold off at £1.9 billion or a quarter of its true value. Indeed, union leaders like Lew Adams of Aslef accuse him of putting safety considerations behind those of shareholder value, and of failing to deliver the promised investments.

Horton may have been content at ease at last year's AGM but, face to face with customers who had lost money from a freight-train's derailment, he was slow to offer speedier compensation.

His protagonists paint a different picture. "Bob is patently an intelligent guy, an ambitious man — not for himself anymore, perhaps, but for the company. He has this reputation for being short-fused, but that's not what it is. He works at a high strategic level and has little interest in detailed decision-making. He's a

very good chairman," says one Railtrack insider. "His agenda is not simply maximising earnings or cash, but bringing about a resurgence of the railways; he is very conscious of his public role."

Friends like Michael Screech, a Renaissance scholar who is now an extraordinary fellow at Wolfson College, Oxford, who has known Horton for 32 years, simply cannot square that public image with the private man. "He's a pleasant companion. He appreciates a fine wine but has a certain austerity. He doesn't really live like a rich man, more like a village neighbour. I know he quietly supports good causes and is very generous. He has a strong moral dimension, a patriotic sense of duty."

He believes that Horton has grown with the BP crisis. "When that tragedy came, he acted with enormous private dignity. There was no bitter-

ness or hostility to anyone. He had risen from the bottom to the top of BP, and could have expected to go along at the top for some time but fell down like snakes and ladders. He could have done nothing, but after a while he pulled himself together and went where he was wanted. He became more sensitive. Perhaps it's a pointer that he reads a lot of biographies."

Others are more sceptical. One analyst says: "I'm told he's less arrogant now, but he still strikes me as being a pretty arrogant chap. He has a very dismissive streak in him; he very quickly decides he's got the right answer and that's it. That's often good in business, but the trouble is a lot of the decisions are long-term, and you're stuck with the outcome for 10 years."

THE analyst compares him with one of Margaret Thatcher's once favourite business leaders, Lord King, chairman of British Airways, for his current role as a figurehead in a politically acute situation who can stand up to ministers and leave the City finessing to people such as his finance director, Norman Broadhurst.

"He's got the same ability to call a spade a spade and explain in blunt words what the score is."

Horton undoubtedly seems to have learned from another chastening experience, this time at the hands of Swift, with whom he used to enjoy a cordial relationship under the Tories. The rail regulator had to toughen up his act under Labour; he gave Railtrack a mauling when Horton reacted adversely to a demand that he be more accountable to the regulator for his firm's spending — boosted by a public subsidy of nearly £2 billion. One of those closely involved in negotiations at the time declared: "Horton came into the talks full of bluster, and determined to have his own way. But things didn't work like that. He soon calmed down, and he and Swift now have a much better understanding."

The next few weeks will determine whether Horton has the mature personal and political skills to persuade the Government — above all Prescott, whom he claims to know well from shared days on the political circuit — that he and Railtrack can deliver what they together and genuinely want: a railway fit for the 21st century, a system inherited from our Victorian ancestors that transformed — can halt the spread of — can decongest our roads and cities and help clean up the environment. It is a humbling task for a man not always given to humility.

Duo head for meltdown as an ancient cold war heats up

Euro Eye

A wrangle over ice-cream sales is making ripples in fair trade circles. ROGER COWE reports

TWO men were jailed for life this week for their part in a Glasgow gang war which led to the death of Andrew "Fat Boy" Doyle, who used ice-cream vans as a front for crime.

A less violent, but equally vitriolic cold war has also raged throughout this decade in Europe's ice-cream business.

Instead of rival Glasgow gangs, the story involves two of the world's largest food conglomerates — Mars and Unilever. Dry legal briefs and behind-the-scenes lobbying have been the weapons, rather than shotguns, knives or petrol bombs. But the issue is the same — territory. And the conflict sheds new light on how far the world's biggest companies are prepared to go to compete.

Rulings from the European Commission and the UK Monopolies Commission are due to bring the affair to a climax.

If Unilever, the owner of Wall's, loses, it will find rival brands threatening its dominant position in most European countries. No longer a case of "just one Cornetto", more a matter of "a Mars a day takes your profits away".

Exclusive supply is enforced by allowing only one manufacturer's products in the shop; restricting exclusivity to the freezer but allowing competitors' freezers; and insisting on supply through dedicated wholesalers.

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These practices have been found to be anti-competitive at various times, but none of the decisions have resulted in a clear picture covering all three.

The UK market was split between Wall's and Lyons Maid, which was owned by Allied-Lyons (now Allied Domecq) until 1991. Each company had its own shops, usually using freezers supplied by the manufacturer.

In its first investigation, the MMC warned in 1976 against suppliers forcing shopkeepers to fill their freezers with one manufacturer's products. But that inquiry covered frozen food. Three years later, when the Commission turned its attention to ice-cream, it focused on exclusive supply agreements with wholesalers.

Its conclusion was unequivocal — Lyons Maid was not allowed to insist that shops buy only from its dedicated wholesalers.

At the time, however, Wall's operated its own van fleet, so it was not affected by the ruling, even when it moved to a similar wholesaling operation.

Now the MMC has returned to wholesalers, after the Office of Fair Trading (OFT) refused to accept Wall's latest compromise.

The Director General of Fair Trading, John Bridgeman, said it was consumers who lost out if choice was restricted.

In months of negotiations, Mr Bridgeman said he had failed to force Wall's to change its supply agreements to allow fair competition. Wall's had compromised a little, but not enough, he said.

The latest MMC investigation comes only three years after the last one, so it has been asked to report by the end of April. Unilever has launched a series of fierce rear-guard actions which have succeeded in keeping Mars' products out of its freezers.

Unilever's troubles in London and Brussels began with Mars' entry into the market in 1989. The arrival of a third force upset the Wall's/Lyons duopoly, while the novelty of Mars products threatened to tempt consumers away.

The Cornetto was Wall's' main innovation, while the bulk of its range relied on tried and tested lines such as Split, duplicated by Lyons Maid, Bounty, Mars and Snickers ice-cream bars shook up the market. Wall's, creeping ahead in the UK as Lyons Maid de-

clined, was suddenly on the defensive. It had no chocolate brands to convert for the ice-cream market, so it was at a disadvantage compared to Mars and Nestlé, who acquired Lyons Maid.

But Unilever did have a dominant market share, which it has fought to protect. In Ireland, the group's subsidiary, HB Ice Cream, had 80 per cent of the market for impulse products. Then Mars began persuading shopkeepers to stock its new products in the freezers, supplied by HB.

The Irish subsidiary won an injunction against Mars in April 1990. Then Mars complained to the European Commission, alleging anti-competitive practices, citing Ireland and Germany. The Brussels competition directorate decided in March 1992 that suppliers did not insist on exclusive outlets or exist on freezers. But in December 1994, Unilever fended off an EC ruling on Ireland by offering to water down its practices.

The tactic succeeded for a while, but last year the EC returned to the fray, saying HB had not opened up the market sufficiently.

The Brussels competition commissioner, Karel van Miert, is expected to announce the final decision soon. His ruling will apply only to the Irish case, but is likely to influence competition authorities in Sweden, Portugal, France, Italy and Denmark.

In 1994, Unilever removed Mars freezers from about 100 shops in Denmark, where it trades as Frisko.

As this action contravened the EC ruling after its German investigation, Frisko was eventually forced to concede defeat — and pay Mars damages. The industry in Denmark still operates exclusive freezer agreements, as do most other EU countries.

Indeed, in the £300 million UK market for impulse products, the MMC decided in 1994 that there was nothing wrong with this.

That inquiry was not supposed to be concerned with distribution, but the team did consider how the products got to the shops as well as how they were stored. It decided Wall's system was acceptable, partly because the company promised that its concessionaire regime was not exclusive.

Unfortunately, that turned out not to be true, because, as a Unilever spokesman put it this week: "There was some misunderstanding." Walls narrowly escaped prosecution under the Fair Trading Act.

Now, only 18 months later, the monopolies police are again investigating. When challenged this week, Unilever chairman

History of the blues

1976 MMC frozen food inquiry frowned on exclusive cabinet agreements

1979 MMC finds against exclusive wholesaling agreements in ice cream but allows freezer exclusivity

1991 Unilever wins injunction against Mars preventing it from persuading retailers to stock Mars products in Unilever freezers. Mars lodges complaint with European Commission, focusing on Ireland and Germany

1992 Irish courts confirm injunction
EC finds against exclusive outlet system in Germany
OFT launches investigation into freezer exclusivity in UK

1993 OFT refers ice cream supply to the MMC.
EC rules against freezer exclusivity in Ireland

1994 MMC finds that ice cream monopolies in the UK do not act against the public interest

1995 Unilever offers to modify exclusivity in Ireland
Mars complains to OFT about exclusive wholesaling in the UK

1997 OFT refers Unilever to the MMC

Niall Fitzgerald said: "At issue is whether we have the right to stop somebody else who is refusing to invest in equipment and wanting to use our cabinets."

Mars managing director Simon Bullimore said: "We believe consumers should be free to choose, and shopkeepers should be free to stock competing brands in a single freezer on an equal footing."

Curiously, Mars promises that if that happens, Wall's will benefit from increased sales, even if its share of the market falls.

Neither side is likely to take defeat lying down. Unilever company secretary Steve Williams promised to delay a final decision by appealing against UK and EU rulings. "We will go on fighting our corner until all battles are won," he said.



Frozen out... Wall's and Mars show their teeth as they do battle for the freezers of Europe

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN GOWIN

150

Polly in whose pocket?



Polly Pocket, pictured with Tamara Beckwith at a product launch, needs all the friends she can get. Her makers, Bluebird Toys, received a \$42 million bid last night from Guinness Peat Group, run by Sir Ron Brierley, the New Zealand corporate raider who has a 22 per cent stake. He condemned the group's "deteriorating" trading position. PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID GILES

Accountants abandon pact

Lisa Buckingham
City Editor

PLANS to create the world's biggest accountancy firm collapsed yesterday amid accusations that regulatory scrutiny had turned into a "nightmare".

Ernst and KPMG unveiled their merger plan last November, two months after Price Waterhouse and Coopers & Lybrand, the fifth- and sixth-largest accountancy firms, announced plans to unite and leapfrog the market leader, Andersen Worldwide, which earns about \$9.5 billion a year.

The PW/C&L combine, which expects total revenue of \$11.8 billion a year, has long said that Ernst & Young and KPMG decided to get together as a spoiling tactic, in the hope that regulators would reject both deals. "We are not surprised they called it off," said one PW insider. "This was always a copycat merger, a spoiler which was hastily put together but had no strategic legs."

A spokesman for PW said the firm did not share KPMG's antipathy to regulatory questioning. "The regulator is entitled to ask whatever questions he wants. This now lays the field open for our deal."

There are tensions also within Andersen which could see a split between its accountancy and consultancy divisions. Recent research suggests that two-thirds of executives in the world's biggest corporations have doubts about the strength of competition in the sector. Hostility was strong among corporations in Britain and France, but muted in the US.

The European Commission has begun inquiries into both merger plans and Karel Van Miert, the competition commissioner, drove to the heart of the mergers by demanding secret information on auditing fees charged by the biggest groups, in order to ascertain how significantly they were "loss leading" on price. But he was not the only rigorous scrutineer. Ernst and KPMG also faced scrutiny in the US, Australia, Switzerland, Canada and Japan which they said would have taken many months.

Lloyds hints at £25bn spoiler against rival

Lisa Buckingham

LLOYDS TSB yesterday gave the clearest hint yet that it is ready to pounce on rival National Westminster Bank with a bid which would probably cost more than £25 billion.

Although chairman Sir Brian Pitman said only that Lloyds was ready to spoil any merger between Barclays and NatWest, insiders made it clear that the bank had gone much further in sizing up its potential target.

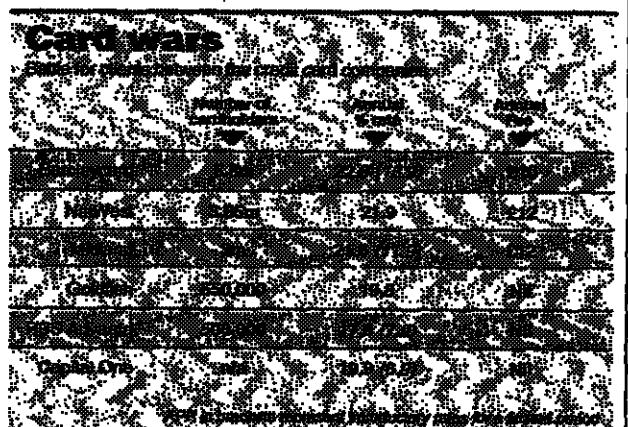
Barclaycard forced to cut rates

Charges remain higher than those of many of its newer competitors

Rupert Jones

INTERSE competition in the UK's £35 billion credit card market has prompted Barclaycard, the biggest player by far, to reduce interest rates and fees for millions of customers.

New cardholders are being offered a lower introductory interest rate, while more than a million high-spending cardholders will get a full rebate on their £10 annual fee.



from their annual rate of interest on purchases made the following month, while those who spend £500 will get a 4 percentage point discount.

Over a full year, the 4 percentage point discount for someone spending £500 a month adds up to a saving of about £50. The average Barclaycard customer spends £370 a month.

A senior executive said the bank thought the Government would agree a merger so long as the combine sold a substantial element of its small to medium-sized business portfolio. Lloyds, which is valued at more than £47 billion on the market, admitted it had looked into reducing its small-business exposure when it tried to acquire Midland Bank a few years ago and this would not pose many problems now.

NatWest arguably has the strongest small-business franchise of the leading banks and has been strengthening its retail offering. But it has been

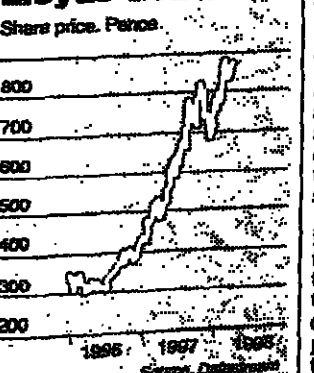
Barclaycard said the interest rate and annual fee changes were part of an ongoing loyalty programme designed to reward people who use their card regularly and provide them with a range of free services.

A number of US card companies, including Capital One, MBNA and People's Bank of Connecticut, have been leading the charge. Capital One's card has an introductory rate of just 6.9 per cent, a fraction of Barclaycard's.

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For the moment it seems that the impact of Asia's turmoil will be fairly neutral, hence Lloyds's relative strength as a stock-market player when compared with some of its rivals, most notably HSBC, Hongkong and Standard Chartered. Lloyds's total exposure to the troubled East Asian economies and Korea is less than £600 million — which may seem a great deal but is less than 0.4 per cent of the bank's loan book. Although the biggest exposure is in South Korea, Lloyds believes it can weather that country's problems without further provisions because of the bank's existing reserves on its emerging markets portfolio.

Lloyds TSB



Move against mobiles

Simon Beavis
Media Business Editor

THE telecoms regulator went to war with the mobile telephone industry yesterday when he issued his first order against a cellular phone company.

Don Cruickshank, the director-general of Ofcom, issued a provisional order against Cellnet, 60 per cent owned by BT,

for allegedly stifling competition in the sale of airtime on its network by offering more favourable terms to big sales agents, with which it often has commercial ties, than it does to small companies.

The conflict comes at a time of growing public anger about the cost of mobile phones, particularly the cost of calling into a mobile network. The European Commission began an investigation this week.

Mr Cruickshank's intervention came after behind-the-scenes activity. Cellnet tried to hold off the regulator by offering a new package of terms for all service providers.

TOURIST RATES — BANK SELLERS

Australia 2.37	France 9.67	Italy 2.877	Singapore 2.86
Austria 20.34	Germany 2.8895	Malta 0.53	South Africa 7.87
Belgium 59.59	Greece 423.39	Netherlands 3.2453	Spain 243.74
Canada 2.50	Hong Kong 12.33	New Zealand 2.74	Sweden 12.58
Cyprus 0.85	India 83.81	Norway 12.05	Switzerland 2.319
Denmark 11.06	Ireland 1.1574	Portugal 236.18	Turkey 352.250
Finland 5.80	Israel 5.80	Saudi Arabia 6.04	USA 1.0028

Supplied by NatWest Bank (excluding Indian rupee and local shekel).

It is thought that big agents securing 45,000 new connections a month were getting £45 a customer from Cellnet while those signing up fewer than 5,000 a month were receiving £5. The provisional order gives Cellnet two months to prove that its new pricing schedules are more competitive.

The development came at the end of a six-day opening of the prosecution case.

A jury at Bristol Crown Court had been told that a former TSB building in

Torquay was used as the nerve centre of an advance-fee fraud aimed at foreign investors.

Gerhard Martens, aged 39, a German who moved to Torquay in the 1980s, admitted two charges of conspiracy to defraud and one of obtaining £40,000 (£24,000) by deception.

He will be sentenced following the continuing trial of his co-defendants, Peter Tegel and Sebastiano Saia, who deny charges of conspiracy to defraud.

Three other charges against Mr Martens have been allowed to lie on file.

The court has been told that the Torquay-based

scheme was operated by offering investors loans and bank documents, such as securities and guarantees, in return for fees which were paid in advance.

But the three men had never intended to honour their obligations, said Francis Gilbert, QC, prosecuting.

The whole corporate structure was fraudulent from the outset, he said.

"They pretended they had sufficient assets to be able to make the loans, and pay back the guarantees and the securities that they sold when in truth they had no money," he told the jury.

Saturday Notebook

Showing benefit of Latin lessons



Edited by
Alex Brummer

THE transformation of Lloyds TSB from also-into leader among Britain's big four banks in terms of profits and market capitalisation is well documented. The Lloyds experiment in becoming Britain's first all-singing, all-dancing consumer bank, while rivals like Barclays and NatWest concentrated on investment banking, has worked admirably for Lloyds chairman Sir Brian Pitman and the shareholders. The proof is in the 1997 figures, with profits climbing 26 per cent before tax to £3.2 billion.

opportunities for expanding its franchise are in Europe, and by acquiring market share in its key mortgage and insurance markets in the UK.

The low-cost way of expanding into Europe is not the SBC-UBS type of mega-deal but making the best use of the new technologies. The bank has demonstrated that it can exploit this opportunity in the UK, where it has gained 800,000 customers through PhoneExpress Bank and plans to do likewise on the Continent. The important issue on the home front is to continue driving down costs, so as to be able to compete with the new retailer banks (Sainsbury, Tesco) and to use its balance-sheet resources to buy new share. There are plenty of tasty mutual insurance and building society morsels out there. But the real feast would be a run at NatWest, and it has the resources and know-how to carry it off.

Due credit

ONE of the great scandals of personal finance in Britain lies in the rates of interest charged by credit card companies. Base rates may be a relatively modest 7.25 per cent and mortgage rates just above that but the charges made by leading credit card providers Barclaycard are nearly triple this and have remained stubbornly high throughout the economic cycle. There are some good reasons for this. Credit card defaults and fraud are notoriously prevalent and the provider needs to cover these costs as well as all the little extras on which they pride themselves (see *Jobs & Money*, page 4).

But the reality is that the globalisation of financial markets together with IT changes are altering credit card economics in favour of the consumer. The arrival of the American battalions on these shores, most notably Capital One, have turned competition on its head. Despite its protests to the contrary, Barclaycard has had to respond by providing big discounts to heavy users by lowering the APR by two points.

But it is not just US banks, with their emphasis on direct-mail selling, which are making an impact. Goldfish, part of British Gas, is maximising its access to many of Britain's homes with relish and has gained 700,000 customers. Other fleet-of-foot players like the Co-op Bank and RBS Advanta are playing a strong game. Open capital markets have taken a few knocks as a result of the Asian fall-out. But, if that means cheaper credit in the UK, the consumer will not be complaining.

Blues lesson

IF ONE were looking for the best examples of corporate governance in Britain, Chelsea Village, a smallish second-line company on the Alternative Investment Market, might be a good place to start. The first part of call. Nevertheless, the sacking of Ruud Gullit and the size of his contract demands offer a salutary lesson for over-ambitious chief executives elsewhere in Britain. If the demands for ever-larger contracts and better incentive schemes continue, more boardrooms may invoke the ultimate sanction: dismissal. That is why 12-month, rather than two or three year, service agreements are so crucial.

News in brief

Eddie to stay with Old Lady

The Government is set to end weeks of speculation over Bank of England Governor Eddie George's future by offering him a further five-year term next week.

Mr George's current term ends in June, and the delay in announcing his re-appointment had led to rumours that the Government was considering other candidates.

But the lack of a credible alternative and Mr George's strong support within the City appear to have swung the decision in his favour.

£2.5bn Airbus deal

Airbus, stepping up its battle with Boeing to dominate the world's airspace, said yesterday it expects to conclude soon a \$4 billion (£2.5 billion) deal to supply 1000 A320 planes to airlines from Chile, Brazil and El Salvador. Boeing, which normally supplies 90 per cent of the Latin American market, saw its 737 described by Airbus as "warmed-over toast".

GEC fills war chest

GEC yesterday completed the \$300 million-plus disposal programme initiated last July by

new managing director Lord Simpson, with the £225 million sale of chip-making Plessey Semiconductors to Canada's Mitec Corp. It is seen by analysts as paving the way for GEC, which already has £1.1 billion in cash and expects to raise \$1 billion more through the partial float of GEC Alsthom, to make an acquisition in Europe or the United States later this spring.

David Arculus, the man who threatened United News and Media into fresh turmoil on Thursday by resigning as chief operating officer, is to become chairman of magazine publisher IPC and part-time chairman of the water company, Severn Trent.

But it is apparent that United's Lord Hollick could keep Mr Arculus to his contract, which does not officially expire until April 1999, in a scenario that mirrors the ongoing row with Stephen Grabiner, who is trying to leave United to become head of digital broadcaster BOB.

IPC was bought out in January for \$200 million by its management. Mr Arculus had wanted to buy IPC for United, but was thwarted by Lord Hollick.

The international ice cream war, page 10
Interest rate cut on the cards, page 11

FinanceGuardian

With Northern Ireland's peace talks on the brink of collapse following the two murders linked by police to the IRA, it is business as

usual for battle-hardened factories and offices in the Six Counties.

But a lasting peace could make the difference

between 'getting by' and thriving in the sort of benevolent atmosphere that developed at the start of the peace process.

Loft apartments may be thin on the ground but, MARK ATKINSON finds, people are making a better living in Belfast



Green shoots belie the terror

IT IS hard to imagine less fertile soil in which to plant a business — a narrow strip of blighted land in one of Britain's most deprived inner city areas, with all the associated problems of poor health, low educational attainment and high long-term unemployment.

Oh yes, and then there are the bullets and the bombs which, though less frequent these days, have not stopped. For this particular pocket of urban decay is not in any city. It is in Belfast — and not just anywhere in Belfast: in West Belfast, sandwiched between the staunchly loyalist Shankill Road and fiercely nationalist Falls Road, which run parallel with each other.

There, in the shadow of the so-called peace line, the 24-foot high, graffiti-scarred wall dividing the two communities, sits the Twin Spires business centre, managed by Orus (Latin for birth), the West Belfast enterprise agency. Twin Spires is home of, among other businesses, Silo Tank, a manufacturer of chemical storage tanks.

The family-run company, started in 1993 with six people, is Twin Spires' longest-standing tenant and now has 38 employees and a turnover of £1.4 million. Hardly ICI, but it stands as living testimony to the fact that it is possible to survive, and even thrive, commercially in the worst of economic, social and political circumstances.

That is not to say the troubles don't impinge on Silo Tank's business. In the past, production has been disrupted by Catholics and Protestants throwing petrol bombs at each other, says Seamus Carmichael, sales and marketing director, and

the boss's son. And on Wednesday, with tension rising after two murders in the previous 24 hours, the security gates which span the roads linking the Shankill and Falls Roads were closed as a safeguard against escalating violence.

It meant a lengthy diversion for the firm's loyalist employees, who had 20 minutes added to their journey to work.

"We lose production time as a result," says Mr Carmichael. Nevertheless, in spite of such relatively minor but irritating inconveniences, business goes on. And not just on Belfast's front line. Down in the heart of the city centre, amid bustling shopping streets and bulging restaurants, Information Management Resources, a Florida-based computer services company, which set up shop in December on Adelaide Street, is busy developing a new personnel system for a major UK retailer.

Undeterred by the absence of a lasting peace, the company is taking advantage of the availability of the province's relatively low-cost, highly-educated computer science graduates from the city's two universities. "It was a courageous decision to come here," says the Northern Ireland president of the company, Bro McFerran.

On the outskirts of the north-eastern port of Larne, one of four divisions of home-grown Galen Holdings, a pharmaceutical company, es-

tablished in 1968 and now employing 673 people.

It is one of Northern Ireland's most successful companies, and on Tuesday it announced a £5.8 million investment that will create 70 new jobs producing bags for intravenous sterile solutions.

All three firms are prime examples of Northern Ireland's untold economic success story. It may come as a surprise to mainlanders poisoned by nightly news reports to learn that throughout the 1990s the province has been one of the fastest growing regional economies. Over the past five years, manufacturing output has increased by almost 22 per cent — twice the rate of growth nationally. In the same period, employment has grown by 6.9 per cent, compared with 1.7 per cent nationally.

Unemployment — currently

tion in 1996 was just 23,700 — the lowest in the UK, according to the Office for National Statistics. Compared with its similarly-resourced neighbour in the south — the so-called Celtic Tiger — Northern Ireland is still a pussy cat. The challenge is how to make it roar.

The official view from the Industrial Development Board (IDB) is that political instability and violence make little difference to Northern Ireland's economic prosperity.

Chief executive Bruce Robinson points out that the province's recently-improved performance predates the two cessations. "So there's no real connection," he says, although he adds that political stability "would help".

Indeed, there seems to be general agreement that there are more urgent problems to overcome.

Asked to list the top half dozen concerns of business at the moment, Dr Graham Gudgeon, director of the Northern Ireland Economic Research Centre, says the first three are "the pound, the pound and the pound", the strength of which is making life extremely difficult for exporters.

In fourth place he places the damage inflicted to farmers by the BSE scare. "Food is 20 per cent of total production and quite a lot of that is beef," says Dr Gudgeon.

In fifth place, Dr Gudgeon puts the euro. It's a racing certainty that the Republic will be one of the countries to

join economic and monetary union in the first wave in 1999 and, with Northern Ireland staying outside, local firms could be at a severe price disadvantage if the punt enters the euro-zone at its current 15 to 20 per cent discount against sterling.

With the punt linked to the euro-bloc currencies rather than sterling, increased currency volatility could disrupt north-south trade, affect shopping along the border and reinforce the divide between the two parts of the island at a time when strenuous efforts are being made by some businessmen to forge closer economic links.

"All of these things are more important (to the Northern Ireland economy) than the troubles," says Dr Gudgeon.

But that is not to say that the troubles are irrelevant. From a broader, long-term perspective, permanent peace may even hold the key to Northern Ireland becoming a serious player in the global economy, says Sir George Quigley, chairman of Ulster Bank and elder statesman of the business community.

"If things go on as they are we will get on well enough. We will knock down and businesses that are doing well will continue to do well," he says.

"But since when was doing well ever good enough? We have to get some ambition in this society." Peace, says Sir George, could take Northern Ireland on to a different trajectory.

Apart from giving an immediate boost to the tourist trade, which has the potential to create up to 30,000 jobs, according to Roy Ballie, chairman of the Northern Ireland Tourist Board, a stable political and security climate could

generate significant extra inward investment, on the sort of scale which has transformed the south.

Once firms can be persuaded to visit Northern Ireland, most are pleasantly surprised by its relative normality. But getting them there in the first place can prove a problem, given the negative publicity the province gets.

Sir George says peace would help unite the warring communities behind a common purpose of raising living standards, concentrating on becoming fully integrated Europeans and making easier the task of rebalancing the economy away from the public sector towards the private sector.

That may well be the objective behind Northern Ireland

Economy Minister Adam Ingram's recently-announced review of economic development strategy. But, without peace, it is hard to see how it can be achieved.

Partly because of the security situation, more than a third of all Northern Ireland employees, 193,000 people, are in the public sector and many other jobs rely on public-sector employment.

There is also, it seems, a deeply ingrained private business culture which expects public subsidy almost as a matter of course. Galen's investment included £1.5 million from the IDB. Yet, in its annual report the firm boasts of a 58 per cent increase in profits last year.

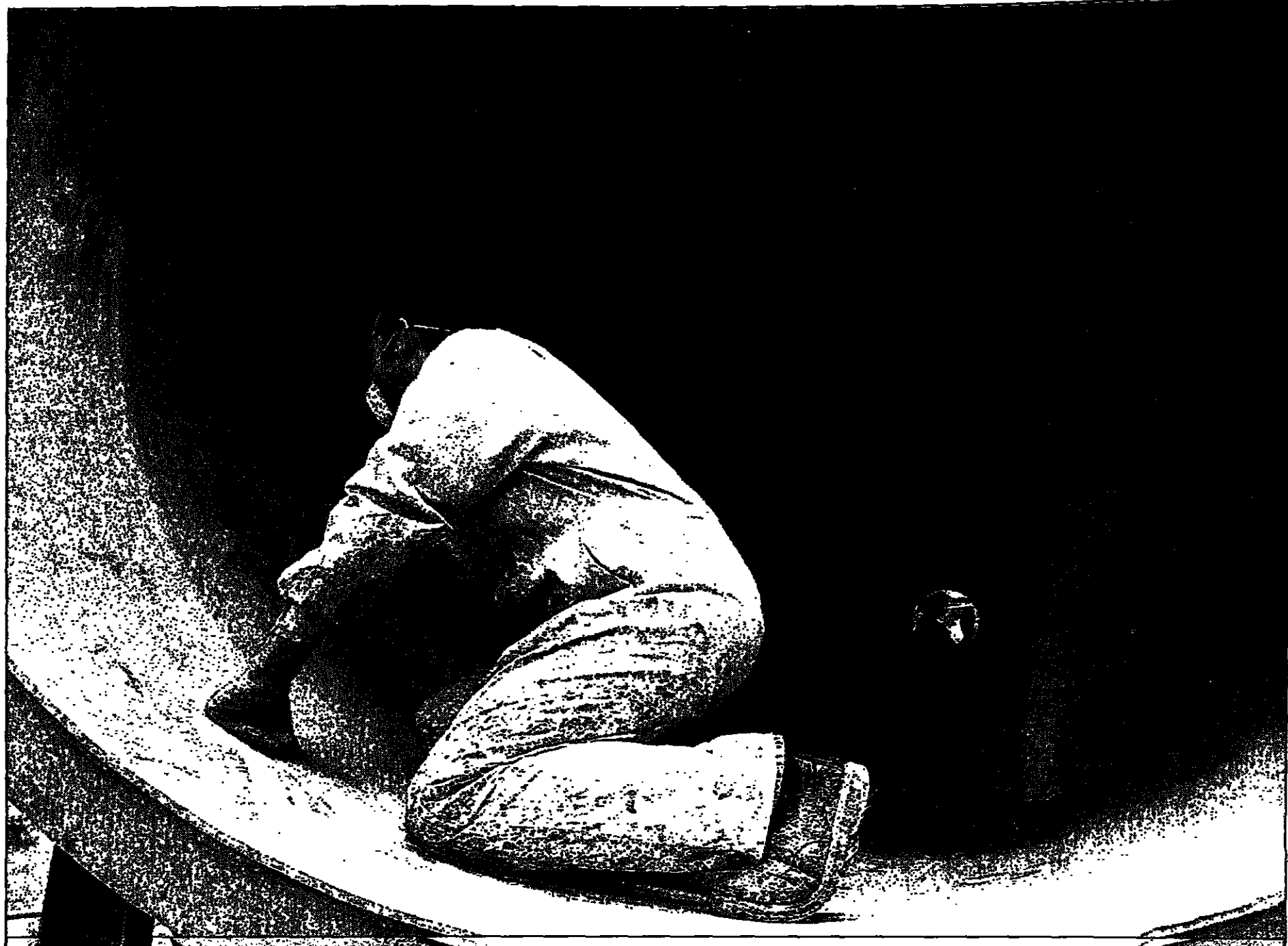
As the size of the state sector contracts, few doubt that Northern Ireland will come

under pressure to wean itself off the drip-feed of taxpayers' money, a process which, handled sensitively, could facilitate change and help nurture a more vigorous entrepreneurial spirit.

But it will take time — 10 to 15 years in Sir George's opinion — to achieve the necessary transformation and it could prove impossible if peace is not maintained.

After all, which politician, even one with a massive majority, would have the courage to slash public spending on the scale that may be needed without first having in place a lasting peace?

If Ulster descended into a new spiral of civil war, he or she would almost certainly get the blame for making an already intolerable situation much, much worse.



Defying the troubles... A Silo Tank worker carries on regardless at the inauspiciously located Twin Spires industrial estate in West Belfast

PHOTOGRAPHS: KELVIN BOYES

Silo Tank is living testimony to the fact that it is possible to survive, and even thrive, commercially in the worst of economic, social and political circumstances

Republic's 30-year road to recovery

THE Republic of Ireland has been transformed into Europe's fastest-growing economy, according to figures from the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development.

During the past three years real output has risen by almost a quarter, more than three times the average increase in the remain-

der of Europe. Rapid output growth has been accompanied by significant gains in employment; indeed, more jobs have been created since 1993 than in the previous 30 years in Ireland.

At the same time, inflation has fallen, and the budget deficit remained among the OECD's lowest.

Much of the growth has been fuelled by overseas in-

vestment, particularly from America, which has helped to increase labour productivity by bringing new technology and management skills to Ireland.

Sectors which have benefited include computers, office equipment, pharmaceuticals, electrical engineering and soft drinks.

US firms have been attracted by a 10 per cent cor-

porate tax-rate — now under fire from EU partners — low wage costs and highly-skilled labour.

Almost half of all school-leavers continue into higher education, which produces proportionately the highest number of scientists and engineers among the OECD states.

The Republic's success also reflects an extended

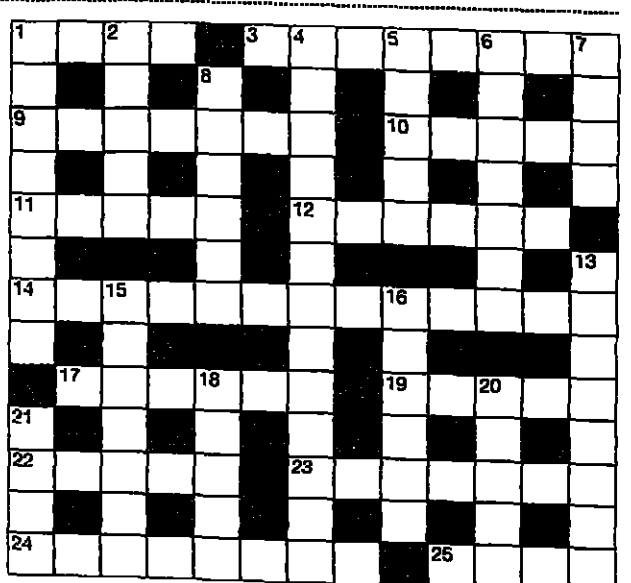
period of social consensus, covering wage agreements, which has helped reduce industrial unrest and maintain competitiveness.

This combination of circumstances has allowed the Republic of Ireland to catch up, in economic terms, it is now poised to join the first wave of countries signing up to join the euro-zone.

Quick Crossword No. 8671

TRANSACT CASH
ER P U H L A
LATNE GLEPPER
L A I D H D
SMOKESIGNALS
P L I T U E
RESIST DEPUPE
O G C P U L
PLASTERPAINT
E S U A R F S
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Across

- 1 Droop (4)
- 3 Greatly shocked (5)
- 9 Speculator (7)
- 10 Semi-darkness — depression (5)
- 11 Mrs Major (5)
- 12 Madness (5)
- 14 Vital — nobody is, they say (13)
- 17 Forty winks (5)
- 19 Room on board ship (5)
- 22 Month — novel (5)
- 23 Keep it flying here! (3,4)

Down

- 1 Sleeping car (5-3)
- 2 Madagascan primate (5)
- 4 Butterfly, lover of oaks and camon (6,7)
- 5 Inert gas (5)
- 6 Junior member of pride (4,3)
- 7 Titled lady (4)
- 8 For ever (5)

- 13 Adolescent (5)
- 15 Illustrative picture (7)
- 16 Withdraw formally (5)
- 18 Tweedie's negative (5)
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The Guardian

the week

Saturday February 14 1998

Alexander Solzhenitsyn was once the conscience of the Soviet Union — even of the world. Then, argues his latest biographer, the artist died. The man lived on, as prophet and preacher, but only as a shadow of the great writer. **James Meek**, our Moscow correspondent, reflects on this strange afterlife, 24 years to the day since Solzhenitsyn was deported from the USSR

A ghost that haunts our century

IRINA Prokhorova, editor of Russia's New Literary Review, a sort of Russian Granta, kept hearing her 18-year-old daughter laughing in her room. She found this strange. The teenager wasn't giggling at the latest *Fewty Towers* or *Absolutely Fabulous*, which have both been shown on Russian television. She was reading *The Gulag Archipelago*, Alexander Solzhenitsyn's burning account of the evils inflicted by the Soviet regime on the citizens it called its own.

This was the book which has been called the most important of the 20th century, a work which obsessed the aged leadership in the autumn of Soviet communism and churned up the politics of the left in the West: part charge-sheet for a trial that never was, part polemic, part memorial to the tens of millions who were shot, starved, drowned, tortured, frozen or worked to death in the Soviet Union. And here was a young Russian girl, in 1998, laughing as she read it.

"She said it was so funny," said Prokhorova. "Her generation reads it like some kind of surreal fantasy out of Borges rather than as a description of real life. She couldn't understand when I tried to explain to her how three generations lived in this madhouse. Many of my friends say the same thing about their children. Perhaps this is the miracle of liberty: they can understand that there was a repressive regime, theoretically, but not emotionally."

The funniest passages concerned the ridiculous charges which those accused by Stalin's secret police confessed to, such as conspiring to dig a tunnel from London to Moscow so that spies could infiltrate Russia. It was hilarious, except that after the confession, the guilty party would be transported to a slave labour camp, or shot. "I understood it was absurd, too," said Prokhorova. "But I couldn't laugh."

It is three years since Solzhenitsyn and his second wife Natalya returned to Russia from exile in the United States. He is here, yet not here. The decline in interest in him is not surprising. He is a writer, not a prophet. The decline in his work inside Russia, which began years before his stateless, theatrical homecoming by train through Siberia, has continued. Asked to name their great 20th century writers, Russians suggest Boris Pasternak, Mikhail Bulgakov, Andrei Platonov, Anna Akhmatova, Joseph Brodsky and half a dozen other poets and novelists before they get to Solzhenitsyn, and that's if they remember him at all.

Despite plans in Moscow for a Solzhenitsyn literary prize, the writer, who will be 80 this year, does not mix with any of Moscow's

literary sets. He does not give interviews, his circle of friends has narrowed to a tiny protective cove. Now, after an early phase of polemical political and media activity, he has retreated behind the fence of his suburban Moscow home.

For the West, he used to be seen as one of the towering figures of the century, the embodiment of civilised individual resistance to totalitarian rule. Yet even in the western consciousness, this idealised colossus has begun to crumble, his reputation diminished by his reactionary views. At home and abroad, the living Solzhenitsyn has become a kind of awkward, cantankerous ghost, haunting the great Solzhenitsyn-to-be of posterity.

Until now, that is. For next week a hefty tome will arrive in the bookshops which tries to remind the world of what a great, extraordinary and driven man Alexander Solzhenitsyn is. The book's author has plunged into Solzhenitsyn's heart and mind — and sexuality — portraying his life as the personalised history of the tortured century of his country.

It is a strange coming together of minds: one of the great chroniclers of our times meets, in the shape of his biographer, one of Britain's most controversial novelists, D M Thomas. Those who don't know Thomas's work will be surprised to find the novelist best known for the powerful erotic poem in his prize-winning novel *The White Hotel*, and once described as "the dirtiest old man in British letters", donning a hat as a Russian scholar. But he can reasonably claim to be just that. He has previously translated the poets Alexander Pushkin and Akhmatova.

What will this clash bring? How curious that Solzhenitsyn, politically rehabilitated twice already — once under Khrushchev, once under Yeltsin — should now be receiving a kind of rehabilitation of glory from a Cornish writer he has never met. And how will the Nobel Prize winner react to the fact that Thomas's reverence for his greatness does not stop him engaging in detailed, sometimes imaginatively embellished, unpicking of his relationship with women?

THE VILLAGE of Troitse Lykovo, where the Solzhenitsyns live today, lies just within Moscow's outer ring road, half an hour from the centre of town if the traffic is light. Turning off the ring road you pass a messy peripheral sprawl of garages, car parts markets, a bleak Logoland of serrated apartment blocks in the distance, and a small rectangular factory with five immense funnels, like a

child's drawing of the Titanic. Then, suddenly, the sight of the city falls away and you're looking at the whitewashed walls of Troitse Lykovo's functioning Church of the Dormition.

It and one other church, the 17th century baroque Church of the Trinity, a still beautiful but derelict and crumbling building, are all that remain of the seven which once stood as part of a monastery broken up by the Bolsheviks. Archbishop Stefan, dean of the local ecclesiastical district, said another church, a wooden one dating back to the 16th century, had been ceremonially burned in 1934 as an offering to atheism.

The Solzhenitsyns have attended the church, less than a mile from their house, twice. Archbishop Stefan remembered seeing them going for a walk around the Trinity Church on another occasion.

Did he read Solzhenitsyn? "Of course. He's our Russian patriot. He's one of our people. I do read him, the more so since his literature was forbidden. I used to read them when they were just photocopies," He smiled. "White letters on black paper."

It's about half a mile from the church to the Solzhenitsyn house, along a street that is half-Moscow,

half-Russia. The water pumps, the slightly subsided, lopsided wooden houses painted green and blue with white window frames with an outside toilet, a vegetable garden and a shaggy dog on guard, are of the timeless countryside. The smooth metalled road and the call boxes, and a bright blue plastic street sign hung incongruously under the ornate, weathered wooden cornice of one of the houses, are of the capital.

The Solzhenitsyns live at the end of the street behind a high green fence on a slight rise. The area was always fenced off from the little houses below: Bungalows for the Communist Party elite used to stand there.

Through Natalya, Solzhenitsyn had refused a request for an interview. She had agreed to answer a faxed list of questions, but only if her answers were not used as part of a wider article with quotes from different sources. A compromise seemed possible. Then she fell ill. She wasn't expecting a visitor, but it seemed strange to be walking up to the six-foot high gates in the fence. D M Thomas's book in my hand, without ringing the bell.

Powdery snow began to fall and a breeze stirred the tops of the big Scots pines behind the fence, all

that could be seen. I rang, and a voice emerged from the square silver intercom set in the gate: Natalya Solzhenitsyn. She was deeply apologetic that she couldn't let me in. She had bad flu, she said. Her husband had seen the questions.

"These are very serious questions, about the knowledge of the past in Russia, and in principle he's interested in talking about it," said the voice, thoughtful and remorseful. "But this is a whole book, not an article. So he doesn't have the time. He's busy with other work."

D M Thomas has had to deal with being similarly rebuffed. Solzhenitsyn twice refused to be interviewed for his book. Indeed, the Solzhenitsyns are notorious for their frosty attitude towards would-be biographers.

Michael Scammell, author of an award-winning portrait of the man published in 1994, was granted extensive interviews. However, his view of the man has shifted over the years, and he now regards him as something of a tyrant in his personal behaviour. "He discarded all his friends of earlier years: he could not stand anybody of any stature around him; he was surrounded by sycophants, and still is... The people who loved and admired him all

moved away, or were pushed away; and the people who were left were second-rate flatterers."

One of the reasons the writer and his wife resent biographers is that they don't confine themselves to the public life and works of their heroes. The sympathetic portrait of Solzhenitsyn's first wife, Natasha Reshetovskaya, in Scammell's book, was painful enough.

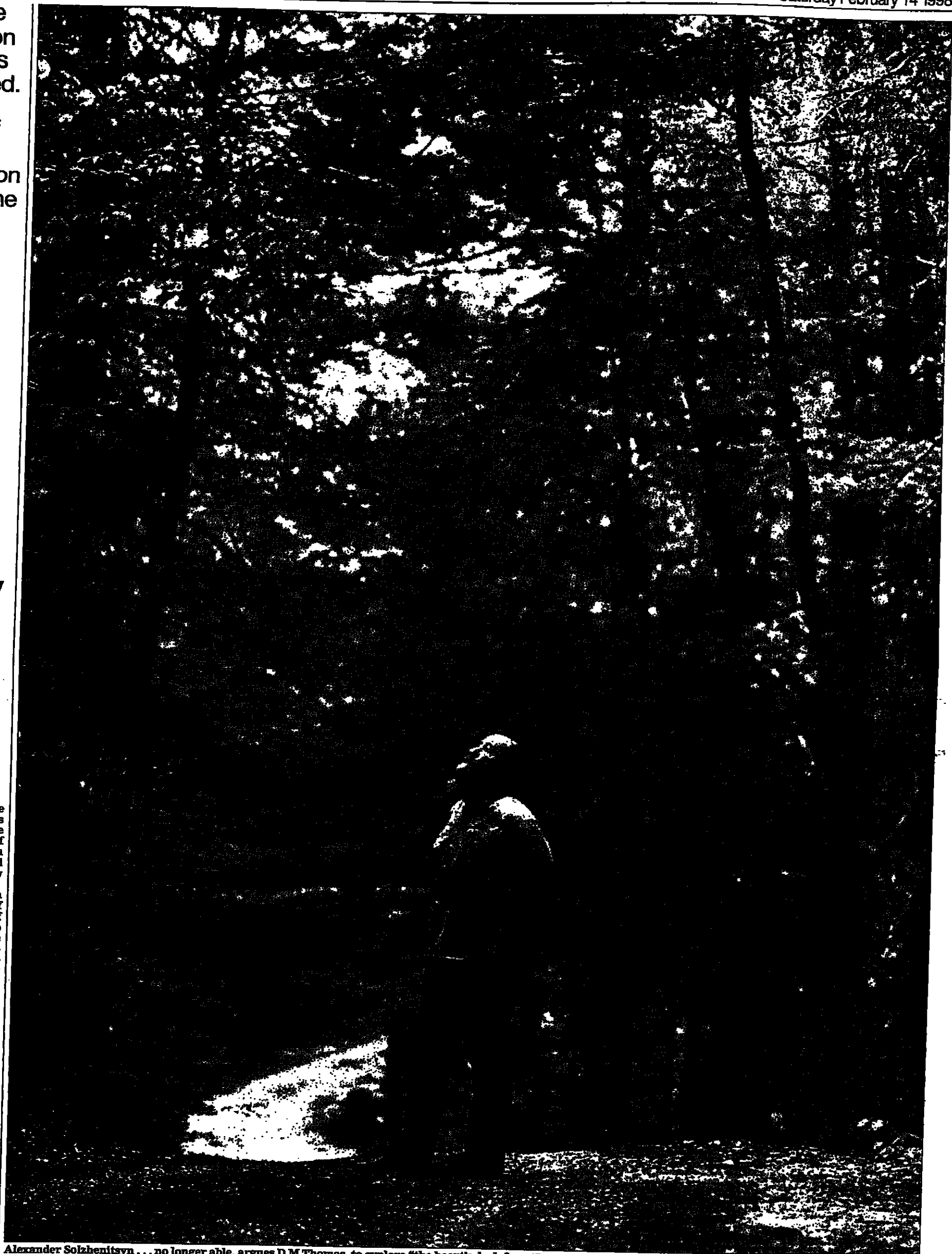
D M Thomas pushes even further. He patrols the scenes of Solzhenitsyn's life — the Rostov boyhood, the war, the Gulag, the flats and dachas and suburban trains of Brezhnevian Russia — armed with two friends from his fictive world, his imagination and Sigmund Freud. Where a reminiscence is lacking, a passage beginning "Perhaps... or I imagine..." will appear, and the father of psychoanalysis is always on hand to explain a relationship.

Women have played an important caring, protective role in Solzhenitsyn's life, looking after him, defending him, typing his manuscripts, executing his conspiracies to keep secrets from the KGB, knowing when to be at his side and when to leave him alone. He was brought up by his mother, lived with his first wife and her mother, and now lives with his second wife and her mother.

There were direct links between Solzhenitsyn's struggle with the authorities and his struggle with Reshetovskaya. At one point, when she was resisting divorce, he said that she was causing him more mental suffering than the labour camp where he served for eight years.

There were many casualties. The same book Prokhorova's daughter giggled over in 1998 filled the world for Solzhenitsyn's adoring helper Elizaveta Voronyanskaya, who said, after reading a copy of the unpublished manuscript, that "if the human race doesn't commit suicide in a fit of madness... not one thinking person will pass by this Everest of Russian literature". Fearful of discovery, Solzhenitsyn ordered her to burn her copy; she pretended she had but kept it because she loved it so much. When the manuscript was found and seized by the KGB, she hanged herself in a fit of remorse.

"Solzhenitsyn was perfectly capable of creating memorable female characters; he just does not seem very interested in creating them," says Thomas, adding that when the writer took the trouble, as in his novel *The First Circle*, the result was greatness. "In the page 14



Alexander Solzhenitsyn... no longer able, argues D M Thomas, to explore "the heart's dark forest"

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE LUSKATZ

When errors aren't divine

IAN MAYES
OPEN
DOOR



BECAUSE of a transcription error, an article yesterday about Senator Alfonse D'Amato's remarks about Judge Lance A. Ito misquoted the Senator at one point in some editions. In his conversation with the radio host Don Imus, he said: "I mean, this is a disgrace. Judge Ito will be well known. He did not say, 'Judge Ito with the wet nose'."

BECAUSE of an editing error (an article on the deaths of four Israeli soldiers) misstated a custom: mothers' clothing was sent — that is, torn — not read.

BECAUSE of a telephone transcription error, an article yesterday about Marcia Robinson-Lourey, a lawyer and head of the Children's Rights Project... included an erroneous description. The first sentence should have begun "Attorney Marcia Robinson-Lourey," not "A tiny Marcia Robinson-Lourey." (Ms Lourey is 5'6 1/2 ft.)

THE CORRECTIONS above (and many more like them) appeared, not in the Guardian, but in the New York Times. I reproduce a few of them here simply to say to readers of the Guardian and the journalists who work for the paper, it's not just us. If you are looking for something that is word perfect, abandon any hope of finding it in a newspaper. Any newspaper, indeed, one might say that it is the average journalist, not the average newspaper, who would rise from the operating table. We are trying to improve the odds.

So far, the Guardian is the only national newspaper in Britain to correct errors systematically. It is not the only paper that makes mistakes. If readers care to send me a few examples of errors in other British papers, whether they were subsequently corrected or not, I'm sure I could be persuaded to print a few of them — purely for demonstration purposes (please furnish date and page references).

The response to my activities has so far been overwhelmingly supportive among readers, both to the kind of issues discussed in this column (the treatment of material relating to pornography, road safety, Northern Ireland, imprecision in language, the Guardian's coverage of Tony Blair and his government, the origination of Guardian leader columns), and to the Corrections and Clarifications column which appears almost every day on the Obituaries page.

The Corrections column has clearly become essential reading.

For many a source of horror and, inevitably, amusement (for journalists a mixture of both). Private Eye, in a recent issue, carried nearly two columns of the Guardian's drooler corrections, introducing them with the words, "As the paper's famous editor C.P. Scott nearly said: facts are sacred, but errors are divine."

Two brief pieces in the Times have been particularly encouraging, with Brian MacArthur suggesting that, "Reading readers as equals is an innovation that should be copied by other editors."

Some readers, unimpressed by the unique degree of independence I have been given within the Guardian, see the job as "window dressing". Here's an extract from a recent letter to the editor on the subject: "Ian Mayes is equivalent to a 'Parents Representative' chosen by the headmaster from among the underachievers in senior teaching staff, with the parents playing no part in picking him. He's the Guardian's spin doctor, his best effort in spinning, so far, being to call himself 'Reader's [sic] Editor'."

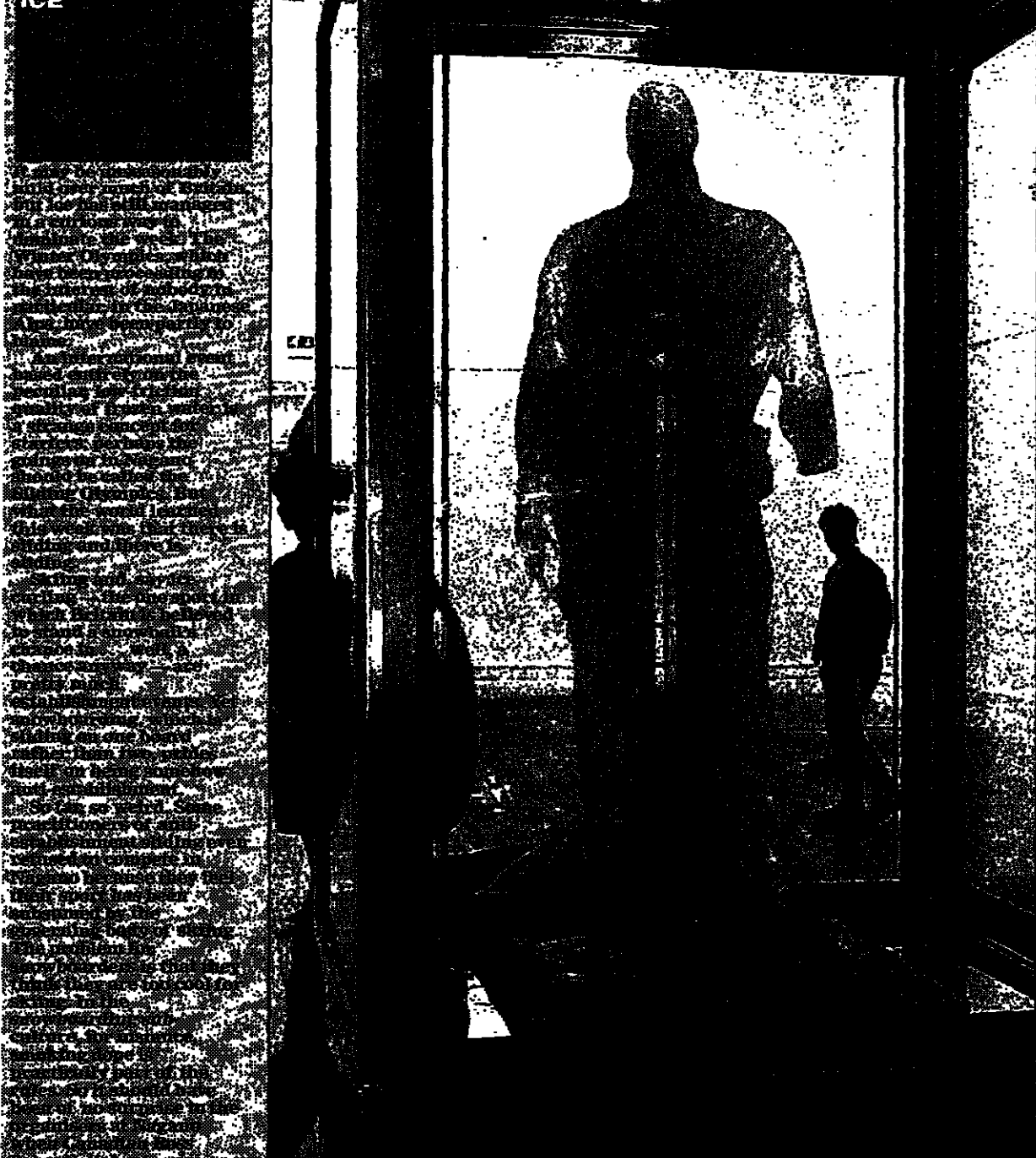
There are still too many errors of fact which go uncorrected. For example, "lead white" isn't the only white in artists' oil paint ranges, it's not referred to as "lead white", and it's not banned (arts pages a couple of weeks ago). But if Mayes was independent and working for us, he'd put across the bigger discontents of long-term Guardian readers which are generally screened out by your letters editors...

Nobody's perfect. But this reader is quite right: new errors go uncorrected, and many go uncorrected. Spelling mistakes, unless they occur in names or change the sense of something, I do not correct. Some things do not get corrected because I do not get round to them. Well over 200 corrections and clarifications have been published in the paper since the column started. They are distilled from a volume of letters and calls (not all seeking corrections) about three times that size. Every now and then there is one which requires a whole day spent in negotiations with lawyers. We are now trying to reorganise slightly so that we can cope with — and acknowledge — more calls. Readers who write in can help by enclosing cuttings, clearly identified with date and page number.

E-mail correspondents should include a daytime telephone number. In my last column I wrote about the letters page and invited views on the publication of full addresses. The letters editor has now decided to publish only shortened addresses and you will see this being applied if you turn to the letters page today.

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor, Ian Mayes, by telephoning 0171 239 9589 between 11 am and 5 pm, Monday to Friday. Fax 0171 239 9697. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk

THEME OF THE WEEK
ICE



The theme of the week is 'ICE'. The word 'ice' has many meanings. It can refer to the frozen water that we see in winter, or it can refer to the coldness of a person's heart. It can also refer to the 'ice' of a ship, or the 'ice' of a country. The word 'ice' is a versatile word, and it has many different meanings. In this column, we will explore the many meanings of the word 'ice' and how it is used in different contexts.

Quiz answers

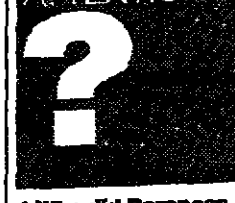
1) c — Enoch Powell, Thatcher was speaking on the death of Powell at the age of 85.
2) c — Saddam Hussein. Blair was warning that the dictator's threat should not be discounted.
3) Cabinet ministers. They were banned from attending the World Cup by Tony Blair to prevent Tony criticism of having their snouts in the trough.
4) Stiles joined with religious groups to try to prevent Manchester United from taking off at 5 pm on Good Friday — a time when many Christians are observing the death of Christ.

5) Rudi Gullit, who was sacked as Chelsea manager after he asked for a salary of almost £10,000 a day.
6) The British Board of Control, which turned down a request by Jane Cough to become the first professional woman boxer.
7) Her husband Paul Burgess. She asked for him to be dismissed.
8) Because the new group All Saints picked up two awards at the Brits, eclipsing the Spice Girls.
9) a & b — Homer and Gatsby were both cited by the qualifications and Curriculum Agency as being beneficial in helping boys catch up with girls in reading ability.

10) A bust of Mahatma Gandhi — a campaign donation which took with an attached cheque for \$25,000 was alleged to have been improperly acquired.
11) Customs officials. They landed Posh Spice with a \$3,000 bill after reading she had brought an engagement ring through Manchester Airport without paying VAT and import tax.
12) a — France. The HFEA suggest that instead of financial rewards, sperm and egg donors should be shown gratitude.
13) Roadside drug tests are to be given a trial run after official figures suggest a fifth of road accidents may be caused as a result of drugs.

14) The route taken last month by two Tamworth pigs which escaped from an escape. The Tourist Information Centre in Malmesbury, Wilt, is marking the route for visitors.
15) Prince Charles, who visited the 'Tale Telling Monastery' or 'Tiger's Nest' in Bhutan, which is the place where Tibetan Buddhism was introduced to the country.
How You Rate?
4 Thoughtful
5-9 Philosophical
9-14 Meditative
15 Enlightened

HAVE YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION?



- Who did Baroness Thatcher describe as a "moral compass"?
a) Saddam Hussein
b) Tony Blair
c) Enoch Powell
d) William Hague
- Who did Tony Blair describe as being "without moral scruple"?
a) Baroness Thatcher
b) Enoch Powell
c) Saddam Hussein
d) William Hague
- Whose intentions of going to watch the World Cup faced sudden death this week?
a) Homer
b) Gatsby
c) Shakespeare
d) Cantorini
- What was Nobby Stiles referring to when he said that football fans would have to choose "between conscience and club"?
a) praise
b) porn
c) cash
d) Kleenex
- Who got a rude awakening?
a) Homer
b) Gatsby
c) Shakespeare
d) Cantorini
- Who said "women are more prone to accidents, they are more emotional and more unstable"?
a) Homer
b) Gatsby
c) Shakespeare
d) Cantorini
- Which man did the Queen gently wash right out of her hair?
a) Homer
b) Gatsby
c) Shakespeare
d) Cantorini

Queen gently wash right out of her hair?

8 Why was it All Saint's Day?
9 Which of the following were cited by education officials as helping with boys' literacy?
a) Homer
b) Gatsby
c) Shakespeare
d) Cantorini

10 Whose bust is Clinton getting into trouble over now?
11 Whose eyes lit up when they saw this little sparkler?

12 What, according to the Human Fertilisation and Embryology Authority, should sperm donors get?
a) praise
b) porn
c) cash
d) Kleenex

13 What new measure is to be introduced to stop people from speeding while driving?
14 What is "The Trotter Trail"?

15 Who went in search of a Tiger's Nest?

Gabrielle Morris
Answers below Theme of the Week

Valentines of The Week

Romantic Destination of The Week: Bournemouth, which tourism officials are plugging as the place of it having been described by Durex as Britain's most popular beach for open-air sex.

Elopement of The Week: David Dickie, aged 80, and Caroline Caton, 70, both from Norwich, ran off to South Africa to wed. They were worried that their respective children would oppose their wedding plans.

Minister Without Valentines: Labour MP Brian Sedgemore, who won't be receiving many love letters from Blair's babes after he likened them all to Stephen Wives.

Close Muni-ci-Pals of The Week: Haringey council offered to send all gay men in the borough free condoms through the post. However, for accounting reasons the freebies can only be used with other Haringey residents.

Aphrodisiac of The Week: Asda's specially commissioned 45p Love Sausage, a pork banger with a difference. It contains a pinch of ginseng, said to increase sexual performance.

Feud of The Week

Name: Rudi Gullit
Occupation: Former player-coach of Chelsea
Feud: Asked for £2 million a year but that was only what I'd asked for when I first spoke to the club... In Milan three years ago, Chelsea sacked him and replaced him with Gianluca Vialli. I've had everything already planned behind my back, said Gullit.
Own goal? "Money is not the real reason. The money is only a stick they tried to hit me with."

Name: Colin Hutchinson
Occupation: Chelsea's MD
Feud: Has been in negotiation with Gullit since October, and claims that Gullit knew it was all over last week when he asked about money for players and was refused. "The gap was still so wide that we told him it would be in the best interest of the club to pursue alternatives."
Own goal? Maybe Gianluca Vialli will be a brilliant manager, and be loved by the fans, Gabrielle Morris

A ghost that haunts our century

page 13 next century of Alexander Solzhenitsyn the embattled politics of his work will fall away and become as the Napoleonic Wars are in War And Peace — no more than the backdrop for an exploration of human anguish, fear, courage, cowardice, desire.

Thomas argues that in exile in Vermont, as he worked on his vast epic of the revolution, the Red Wheel, steadily excluding imaginative accounts of human relationships and throwing himself into descriptions of battles and political figures, Solzhenitsyn's weakness as a writer and at times as a man, his reluctance to imagine other people's emotions, was exposed.

In the spring of 1976, Thomas says, "an artist died... He could only have continued to be a major novelist by being able to explore, at a personal level, the heart's dark forest."

1970s," said Roy Medvedev, the historian, who knew him before his deportation and whose brother, Zhores, was another disappointed biographer. "Society had inner tensions. It was unhappy, it looked for someone to express its feelings. The one who expressed them was Solzhenitsyn."

Medvedev called Solzhenitsyn a man who now believed himself to be a prophet, but it is not clear what he believes himself to be. A writer? A historian? A journalist? A politician? A preacher? Surely not the last. And yet he was wounded when Russian television pulled the plug on his short-lived early evening slot. He had enjoyed his haranguing, exhorting sermons to the millions. In a recent interview with Arguments And Facts, a popular Russian weekly, Natalya said of her husband: "He is a public figure and a publicist at the same time. But his main gift is as a writer. He does not consider himself a politician, and not a prophet, of course, but a writer."

The bitterness of being taken off television, however, does not seem writerly unless the non-literary monologues had become a substitute for literature. "It was the substitute who threw Solzhenitsyn off the air," said Natalya. "They drew the intelligentsia into the campaign, who enthusiastically allowed themselves to be used, telling the newspapers that Solzhenitsyn wasn't interesting and that nobody wanted him any more."

Solzhenitsyn is a conscience and a memory: first of all for Russia, which needs them yet seems doubtful it wants them. Judging by his anti-democracy tirades during his enforced exile — his approval of authoritarian regimes, his hostility towards the Enlightenment and even the Renaissance as a source of moral decay, his contempt for British failure to suppress the IRA more harshly, his support for America's involvement in Vietnam — he felt at times that he could be a conscience for the West as well.

In retrospect, this may have been a curious form of courtesy, extended by Solzhenitsyn to hosts he always expected to be temporary. He was asked what he thought, he told them. But he wasn't planning to run for office. D M Thomas ascribes mighty changes outside Russia to the influence of The Gulag Archipelago, including the collapse of the "Sartrean faith" which had bound western socialists to support the Soviet Union. "It was symbolically fitting," writes Thomas with relish, "that Sartre went blind in the year of the Gulag's original publication, 1973."

Yet even if he played a major role in Communism's collapse around the world, can Solzhenitsyn be said to have succeeded if the Russians, the people for whom he wrote, fail to honour the memory of the forgotten millions who died in Stalin's camps, as the Jews

and the Armenians remember the victims of their genocide? He has tried, since his return. It is a measure of how much Russians want to block out the past that his first speech on reaching Russian soil after exile sounded so fresh and unexpected. "These millions of victims have all too casually been forgotten — both by those whom this carnage has passed over, and needless to say, by those who perpetrated it," he said.

Solzhenitsyn's fund hands out money to ex-concentration camp prisoners. His books are freely available. He is alive and in Russia. Yet the forgetting continues. Stalin's portrait is carried in demonstrations and no one bats an eyelid. The prime minister praises the dictator's wartime role and is applauded. Millions of Russians lie in unmarked graves. Living concentration camp victims remain in the nightmarish Arctic cities they built as slave labourers. The Russian government hands over to the US billions of dollars in ties against Jews on Soviet soil, yet allows the former KGB to withhold archives on its murderous past. The older generation believe everything has been accounted for; the younger generation doesn't think it matters.

It is odd that Solzhenitsyn's little-read life work, The Red Wheel, a massive, historical expose of the barbarism of Lenin's Bolsheviks, should have begun life as a novel called Love The Revolution! written by the pre-war Solzhenitsyn, a worshipper of Lenin. Yet since his arrest in 1945, he has been consistent in his determination to remember the victims. His fellow Russians have not.

Solzhenitsyn's best-known works, A Day In The Life Of Ivan Denisovich and The Gulag Archipelago, bear similarities to the accounts of Nazi death camps by the Italian writer Primo Levi, If This Is A Man and The Drowned And The Saved. But it is not Solzhenitsyn's fault that while everyone knows what Auschwitz and Belsen mean, the names Norilsk and Magadan say little to non-Russians and that they are even beginning to lose their special horror to Russians.

So if the atrocities are starting to fade in the collective memory, how will the great man be remembered in 50 years' time? "Solzhenitsyn will not die disgraced, but he is ignored in Russia and somewhat derided in the West, and I am sure he will believe this to be more

seemingly than popularity in an age of conformity and spiritual death," writes Thomas. Let Prokhorova have the last word: "At the beginning of perestroika, Solzhenitsyn's authority was colossal, and one of the first forbidden books to be printed was Gulag Archipelago. But then... Living ones are more subject to criticism. If he had died 15 years ago I think he would have been loved more now."



Natalya and Alexander Solzhenitsyn in Moscow, a city that is forgetting its most famous living writer

A writer's life... East and West

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

1918 Born December 11, Rostov-On-Don. Father died before he was born and he grew up in poverty with his mother, a teacher.
1936 Married first wife, Natalia Reshetovskaya after graduating from Rostov University in Maths and Science.
1945 Served in army as Artillery officer but was arrested for making jokes about Stalin in a letter. Sentenced without trial to eight years in the Gulag.
1953 Released after Stalin's death but spent more years in exile with first wife Natalia, suffered cancer relapse but left hospital after only two weeks of chemotherapy, seemingly cured miraculously.
1957 Started work teaching physics and astronomy in High School No.2 in Ryzan.
1969 Expelled from Soviet Writers Union.
1970 Won Nobel Prize for Literature.
1971 First volume of eight-volume history of the Russian Revolution, The Red Wheel appeared.
1973 Married second wife — also Natalia — more than 20 years his junior.
1974 First volume of The Gulag Archipelago published. Second and third volumes appeared in 1975 and 1978. Charged with treason.
1984 Returns after 20 years in exile.
1997 Decides to fund annual literary prize for Russian writers.



Solzhenitsyn as a prisoner in the Gulag, 1945

Edited to Frankfurt.
1976 After a time in Switzerland settled with family in a fortified estate in Cavendish, Vermont, until returning to the former Soviet Union in 1994.
1978 Harvard commencement speech in which he criticised the West for negotiating with the Soviet Union and low moral standards.
1991 Fourth volume of Red Wheel completed but decided he would not produce a fifth. Continued to refuse to return to former Soviet Union despite invitations from new government.
1994 Returns after 20 years in exile.
1997 Decides to fund annual literary prize for Russian writers.

DM Thomas
1935 Born near Turin into a working class family.
1949 Family sailed for Australia and stayed for two years. Thomas then read English at New College Oxford and joined the Army's Russian interpreters course during national service.
1966 Became a teacher and joined Hereford College of Education as an English lecturer. Published four books of poems besides translations of Anna Akhmatova's poems.
1978 Won Guardian Fantasy Competition.
1981 His third novel The White House and Chatterbox prizes, the PEN and Chatterbox prizes, and was nominated for the Booker.
1983 Published a third novel Ararat, part of his Russian Nights quartet.
1985 Hereford College closed and he was made redundant. Suffered a nervous breakdown and kidney problems.
1988 Autobiography Memories and Hallucinations published.
1990 (and subsequently) published the novels Lying Together, Flying Into Love, Pictures at an Exhibition, and Eating Pavlova.
Lucy Rodgers

seemingly than popularity in an age of conformity and spiritual death," writes Thomas. Let Prokhorova have the last word: "At the beginning of perestroika, Solzhenitsyn's authority was colossal, and one of the first forbidden books to be printed was Gulag Archipelago. But then... Living ones are more subject to criticism. If he had died 15 years ago I think he would have been loved more now."

Alexander Solzhenitsyn: A Century In His Life is published by Little, Brown next week. To order at the special price of £19.50 with free UK p&p (mp £22.50), telephone 0500 600102 or send a cheque payable to the Guardian CultureShop, 250 Western Avenue, London W3 6EE.

DM Thomas... analysing Solzhenitsyn's love life

Ch 11 in 150

He may have had 10 years of success hurtling through the galaxies, but Red Dwarf's Craig Charles has things in his past he wishes would go away

Man with an eye on the future



CRAIG CHARLES, actor, comedian and poet, says he has been called many things in his life. "Cheeky chappy" has cropped up quite a lot. As has "Professional Scouser". In the street people sometimes shout "Oy Smeg" — the catchphrase of his character in the spoof sci-fi series Red Dwarf. Recently he played a psychopath in Lynda La Plante's *The Governor* and since then people have shouted "Oy, nutter" at him too. But in 1994, an ex-girlfriend, a topless dancer, called him a rapist and he hasn't shrugged that one off so casually.

It's 10 years since the genesis of Red Dwarf, in which Charles plays a wise-cracking slob called Lister, and only three since, after almost four months on remand at Wandsworth Prison, and four months on bail at his dad's in Liverpool awaiting trial, he was acquitted of the rape charge. His many fans would see much to celebrate in the former anniversary, but Charles is bored of talking about Red Dwarf — "I have to answer questions about it all my life" — and although he keeps saying "it's four years ago, it's a long time", he just won't let the other matter go. You can be talking about the death of his mother (a recurring theme in all interviews he gives) and suddenly he's telling you that the Guardian sent reporters to the housing estate where he grew up and were asking about him in the local pub. "It was like they were preparing my obituary, it was like being thrown to the wolves". Or he's waxing lyrical about his new girlfriend (the mother of his three-month-old daughter) and it's: "After what I went through, I didn't think I'd ever trust a woman again."

It's as if it's an itch he can't keep himself from scratching, no matter how many mantras, in the form of pre-packaged aphorisms, he recites. "As I say, if it doesn't kill you it makes you stronger," he says several times. "I don't want to be famous for something I didn't do. I want to be famous for things I've done. Success is always the best revenge."



Savouring the unique taste of fresh country Pot Noodle

meeting Eamonn McCabe the photographer. He's got a selection of laughs — a k-k-ksssshhhh, a hee hee hee, and a shoulder-shaking ack ack ack, expressing irritation, or boredom or to alert you to an imminent punchline. None of them express amusement. But his body language is busy telling you he's a jolly good geezer. Relaxed with it he'll loll back on his sofa, rubbing his stomach, and then twirl his finger round in his tummy button, like he's sat here all his life. Or he'll lean forward and tap the filter of his Silk Cut on the table, a man across the bar in the pub. But he doesn't look you in the eye much.

Three men were accused of raping the ex-girlfriend early one morning at her flat in Stockwell, south London (they'd gone looking for breakfast, they said): Charles, his friend, businessman John "Jack" Peplow, and a third person called Roger who the prosecution never traced and who the defence denied ever existed. Someone is sitting in on this interview, a small man with a squashed face and a mobile phone clamped to one ear ("What form of compensation are you entitled to offer me? Okay dokey bye bye"). It turns out this is Jack Peplow, who is now Charles's personal assistant. He just watches

'There's a lot of people I've cut out of my life since it happened. I've got a very tight circle of friends now'

for the most part, but occasionally interjects. "We were in the same cell. On the same charge. From the same ex-girlfriend. Who I didn't kiss either. Not even on the lips." "K-ksssshhhh," says Charles. They're eating chips in an identical manner, folding them, then squashing them in a mouthful at a time. "Indeed," says Peplow. "We caught that habit in jail."

But that's four years ago, it's a long time. Life is sweet now. Charles hasn't stopped working since that business. He's on game shows, he's got his own car show, Craig's Funky Bunker, he's published *The Log: A Dwarf's Guide To Everything*, and a volume of his street poetry, *No Other Blue*. One of the poems, "I hate the way", is about a callmate's irritating habit of grinding his teeth. "That's me," says Peplow. "I've got a very strong bite. I don't react to stress much in my daily life. I take it out at night." Charles is also working on his autobiography, to be called *No Irish, No Niggers*, "from when my mum and dad met outside a pub on a boardwalk in Liverpool with a sign up saying 'No Irish, No Niggers', me mum being Irish, me dad being black." (He may or may not

be aware that John Lydon, Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols, called his autobiography *Rotten: No Irish No Blacks No Dogs*.) Charles tells of his Liverpool upbringing, his early marriage to and divorce from the actress Cathy Tyson (with whom he has a son, Jack), the Red Dwarf story, the trial, the media circus and its aftermath. "It's very uplifting at the end," he says, "because my life is so much more rewarding than it was before this happened. Plus I've been very successful."

There have now been seven series of Red Dwarf. An eighth will be made this year, and Charles finds himself recognised "walking down streets in New York, Seattle, San Francisco, Australia...". It's dubbed into many languages. "Apparently, the guy who does me in Spanish has got this really high-pitched, gay, effeminate voice. And when I was in Lanzarote, all these gay Spaniards were chasing me up and down the beach, convinced I was gay and convinced I could speak Spanish. Ack, ack, ack." "Thought he was playing coy," says Peplow. "Hee hee hee," continues Charles.

What with the merchandising and everything, Red Dwarf is a pretty lucrative gig. Charles drives around — or rather Peplow drives him around — in a two-tone (green and silver-green) Rolls Royce. "Once you've been in the back of one you don't really want to sit in the back of anything else." (Peplow: "I take it round the pub and say 'Come and see me car, boys'") As well as his pad in Kensington, he's bought himself a country estate in Somerset complete with medieval wood and deer (he is against hunting with dogs). "Yes, I say, 'I have deer on me land. No, you can't eat them.'"

A certain amount of change appears to have taken place in his social life too. He has broken up with his fiancée Linda Hawer, a former stripper, who stood by him through the trial (he loved her "truly, madly, deeply", he told the *News of the World* at the time) and is now truly madly deeply in love with Jacqui Jennings, a former head of advertising at the Irish Independent. He met her while he was filming *The Governor* in Dublin, and persuaded her to leave behind "her lovely house and company car" and move to London with him.

"She's everything I've ever wanted. She's bright, intelligent — very intelligent — beautiful, great cook, great lover. A lot more sophisticated than women I've been associated with in the past." A certain amount of change appears to have taken place in his social life too. He has broken up with his fiancée Linda Hawer, a former stripper, who stood by him through the trial (he loved her "truly, madly, deeply", he told the *News of the World* at the time) and is now truly madly deeply in love with Jacqui Jennings, a former head of advertising at the Irish Independent. He met her while he was filming *The Governor* in Dublin, and persuaded her to leave behind "her lovely house and company car" and move to London with him.

He no longer takes drugs. "I was never really on cocaine." But didn't you say at the time of the trial you'd been in rehab? "That wasn't really for cocaine. It was an exhaustion mainly. I was in an exhausted state."

He says his life has been "one great big Boy's Own story". There is certainly something very boyish about him. "You're not going to ask what smeg means, are you? I think I already know I say 'Naah!' he rejoins. "It means clean! Ack, ack, ack. Smegmatic

means clean. Like in Smeg oven!" He says, "I'm new man, me." He knows about mastitis and that it's worse than childbirth because "you can't take an epidural for it! Tee hee hee". He claims to have a photographic memory, but that sometimes "I can't even remember where I was last night — after a few drinks, of course."

He was at the birth of his daughter. "I was George Clooney, I was. I was George Clooney! First push I could see it's head. I was convinced I would pass out. I passed out when my kittens were born. I did. Kittens are born in this little bag and then they chew their way out. It's

like something out of *Alien*. I just went uphoo, bang. Didn't half crack me head as well. I was 20 minutes late when Jack was born, which didn't go down too well, but it wasn't my fault. I was filming Red Dwarf in a flint mine in Wales. Got the call that Cathy had gone into labour and it was like right. OK. Into the car and off. We would have got there on time if the guy hadn't taken the wrong turning..."

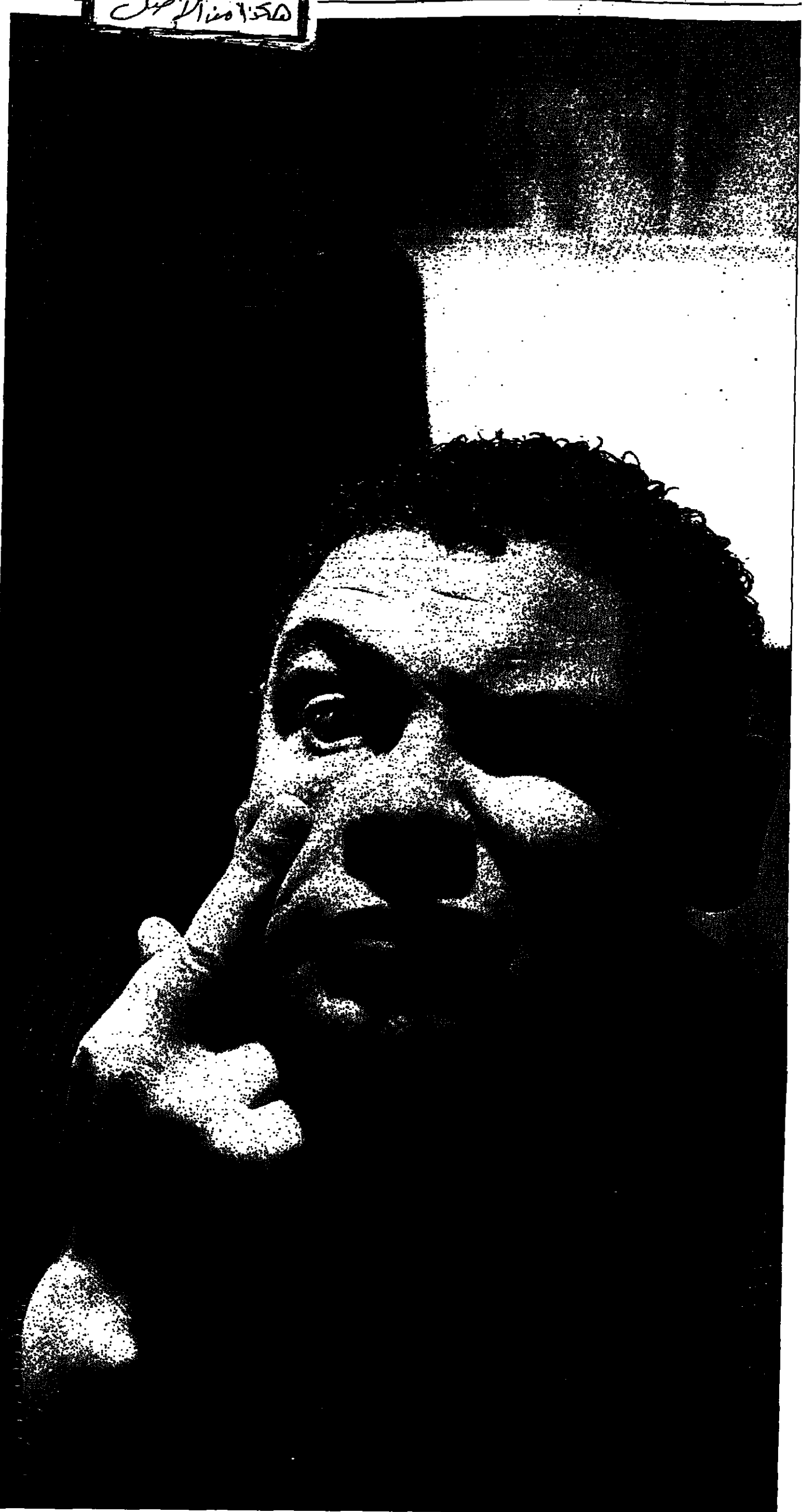
It's like listening to a stand-up routine, one thing leading to another, anecdotes to joke in endless rotation. And the tone doesn't change, whatever his subject, so you wonder where his real feelings

lie. About his mother dying, he says, "It was a horrible death, cancer. She went to heaven in little bags. First it was a hysterectomy...". He'd told another journalist this, almost word for word, so I tell him I've read him say that before. But he just throws me a glance, as if I'm a heckler, and continues right on. "...and then it was a colostomy and then it was in the brain. They cut her away slowly but surely."

But then maybe it all comes back to that experience again. He has learnt to hold his feelings close. "There's a lot of people I've cut out of my life since it hap-

pened," he says. "I've got a very tight circle of friends now. And that's all I really relate to and socialise with and that's the way I like it. People can let you down. But people handle things like that differently. And, you know, I've got to get on with the rest of my life. I've come through it and I've got no bitterness about it. I'm not as naive as I was. But I'm not a twisted mess."

Red Dwarf Night is at 9pm on BBC2 tonight. BBC Worldwide has remastered the first three series of Red Dwarf. Series One, volumes 1 and 2, are available from Monday at £12.99 each.



Lister hysteria... 'I don't want to be famous for what I didn't do. I want to be famous for things I've done.' PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN MCCABE

Hand-Raised Traditional Mutton Mowbray Farm Pie made with 85 per cent Organically Fed English Pork in Didbury or Edgborough, but not in a Leicestershire village.

MEANWHILE all shops are dementedly diversifying. Just as the Gas Company will now sell you electricity, and vice-versa, so few stores stick to their nominal business. This week a friend went to hire a video at a big video store. One assistant was selling a hot dog, another was taking in a film for developing, and the third was repairing the Drunken Donuts Machine. Defeated, she crept home and watched TV instead.

THE rock singer who emptied a bucket of ice water over John Prescott could hardly have chosen a more satisfactory target. (Isn't there something wonderfully dim about a vegetarian changing his name to "Nobacon"? My militant carnivores could call ourselves "Nobroc" or "Tufusocks".) Mr Prescott was a good choice, not

because he will have been convinced of the error of his ways, but because he is so magnificently sensitive. Days later, he was still raging about the incident to anyone he met. In the past, politicians thought that being assaulted by extremists was a badge of honour. Not him.

Mr Prescott, in spite of his rough, bluff non-nonsense image, is terrifically sensitive to slights. He is rightly proud of being a working class lad, a former bar steward, who hauled himself up to become a student at Oxford and is now deputy Prime Minister. Yet, he feels, this extraordinary achievement makes him even more the target of hurtful barbs and slights.

This can take surprising forms. Last year, I went to a reception for a new Prescott biography, and while he made a graceful and amusing short speech, I was watching him, courteously I thought. After a while I noticed that he kept making eye contact, so faintly embarrassed, I looked at his shoes instead. Later I heard that he'd complained to the

book's author, "that fellow in the Guardian, you know the one, has his picture on page 2, he kept trying to put me off by staring at me." No wonder Mr Nobacon's attack has made him so lastingly furious.

ONCE again, the House of Lords has performed a valuable service by adding the anti-Rupert Murdoch amendment to the competition bill.

No party in power will ever allow a reformed Upper House to bugger up its plans like the Lords did this week

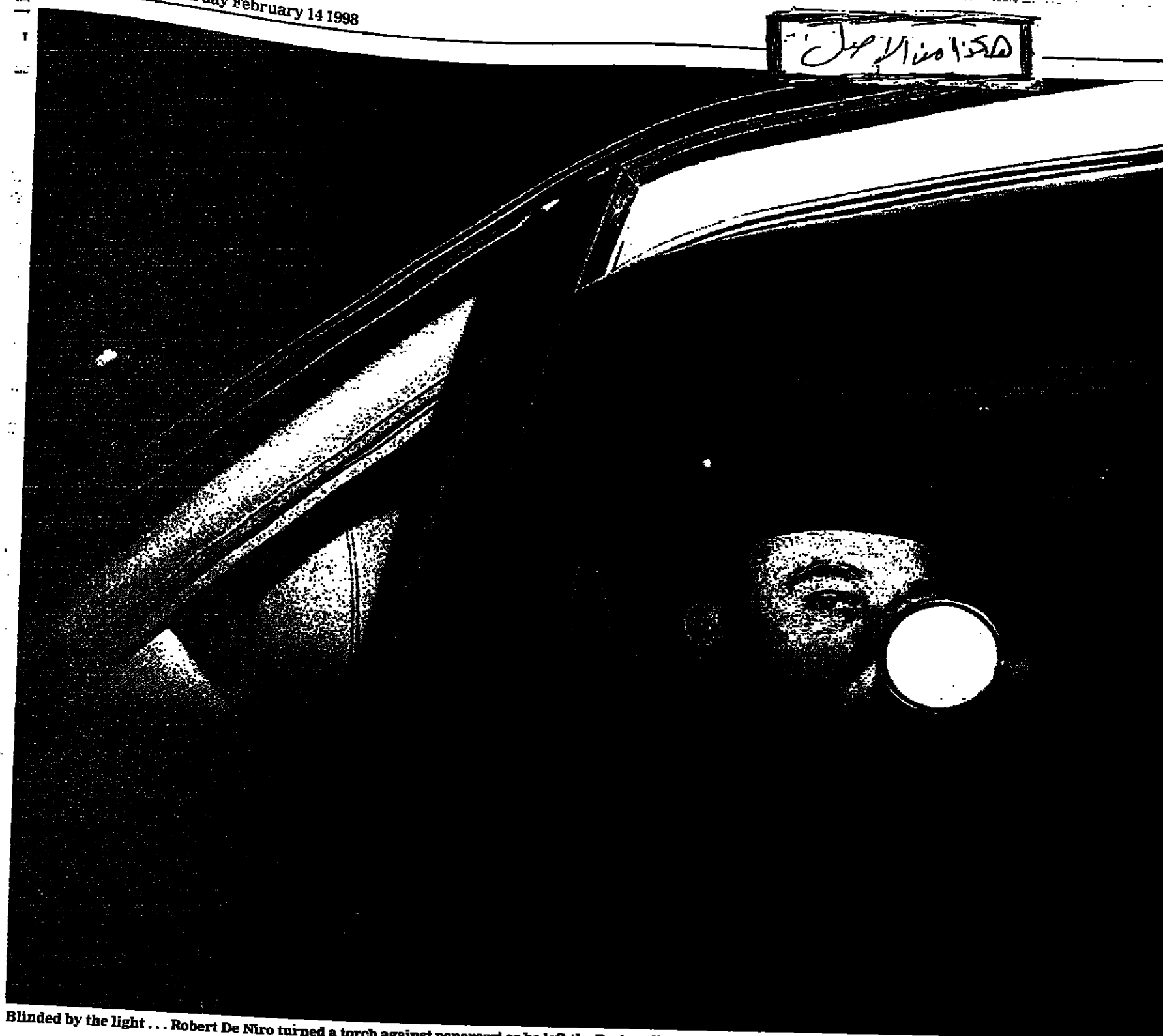
This will now force the Government to show its obsequious support for Murdoch by killing off the amendment in the Commons, and will give a welcome opportunity for several Labour MPs who put principle above ambition to vote in favour of it.

Of course the House of Lords is an absurd anachronism. I entirely sympathise with people who experience something close to physical pain at the idea of a legislature packed with hereditary peers. It's appalling. But does anyone imagine that things will improve when it is instead stuffed with party placemen — as it certainly will be? You can be absolutely certain of one thing: no party in power will ever allow a reformed upper house to bugger up its plans like the Lords did this week.

THE other week I mentioned the dim poster ads for Boston's Logan Airport, with the slogan "You're in New England when you land!" The last showed a Pilgrim Father guiding a plane to the gate, and the latest has a Cape Cod fisherman in yellow oilskins shining a passenger's shoes. It's grotesque. But remember: the man who invented that dipsy ad earns much more than you, and his wages come out of your plane tickets.

I WORK on the assumption that if someone is attacked by the Daily Mail, they must be an adornment to society, so when the paper ran a whole page raging against Zoe Ball, I tried her Radio One breakfast show for a spell. As anyone would suspect, far from her being a foul-mouthed Medusa of the airwaves, she turned out to be a chirpy, teenage-sounding person, her boastful references to booze and snogging par for the course among the 15-year-old girls in any school playground.

But after a while I noticed something curious. There were requests for boyfriends ("he's been on board a merchant ship for the past four months") as in *Two-Way Family Favourites*; there were wacky noises, like the Goons, and a humorous cleaning lady, straight out of *ITMA*. Even Ms Ball's slightly upper crust accent recalls a distant past. The show pretends to be on the cutting edge of broadcasting; in fact it's a throwback to the Golden Age of Radio, and made me quite nostalgic.



Blinded by the light... Robert De Niro turned a torch against paparazzi as he left the Paris police station on Tuesday

Jon Henley on the call-girl scandal echoing Paris's bawdy past, which gave Robert De Niro an uncomfortable day with the gendarmes

All on the game without frontiers

The lawyer was smiling. Silver-haired, expansive behind his ornate antique desk, he was finding this all — as is the French way when dealing with such matters — really rather amusing.

"My client," he said, "admits to having shaken the hands of two of these women." He paused for effect, choosing his words carefully. "What he admits to doing with the third is censored."

The expected burst of laughter was an echo of another era, another Paris. A time when a gentleman's whims were winked at, when princes, politicians and poets lounged on chaise-longues in mirrored and gilt-trimmed reception rooms, chatting languidly, smoked a cigar or two. And then followed one of Madame's more alluring girls upstairs for a spot of what they came for.

"It was a relationship," continued the lawyer, "of the kind that some among us may, on occasion, enter into although not myself, because I am bound to be virtuous." More laughter, another pause. "I do hope his wife is an indulgent woman."

But this was not the Belle Époque. It was last week and Georges Kiejman, one of France's most high-profile barristers, was addressing a battery of television cameras and reporters on behalf of his client, one Robert De Niro. The Hollywood star had admitted he had been with one of the women, he implied, but no money had changed hands.

It is now more than half a century since the closure of the state-regulated brothels that gave Paris its frills-and-frou-frou reputation for offering the naughtiest night out in Europe.

Many had been in existence for over a century, employing women who were registered with the local police and required to undergo regular medical check-ups. They were part of the fabric of French life: artists like Gustave Flaubert wrote about them. Others, like Guy de Maupassant, died from contact with them — in his case, of syphilis.

The law that finally shut them down was tabled by a crusading Communist councillor, Marthe Richard, herself at one time a registered prostitute in Nancy. It caused uproar: heated debates in parliament, polemics in the papers. But 180 *maisons closes*, famous names like the Chabanais, the Sphinx, the One Two Two, disappeared from the capital, and soon afterwards another 1,300 from towns and cities around France.

Prostitution, of course, did not

disappear with them. Just how deeply it is ingrained in French culture is evident from the number of words the language has to describe its practitioners: there is the *chandelie*, who waits under a lamp-post; the *marcheuse*, who walks the street; the *entraineuse* who works from a bar; the *bucolique* who favours a park; the *amazon* who sits behind the wheel of a car; the *caravelle* at the airport; the *mitouneuse* on the cafe terrace; and the relative newcomer, *la call-girl*.

Government figures put the sex industry's turnover at something in the region of £1 billion a year. One Frenchman in 10 is happy to admit to having had his first sexual experience with one of the country's estimated 90,000 prostitutes, and 33 per cent of men over the age of 30 admit to occasionally making use of their services. The police estimate some 45,000 tricks are turned every day.

Madame Claude, who ran France's biggest call-girl ring throughout the 1950s and 1970s from her house in the 18th arrondissement, became a huge and much-admired celebrity after fleeing to the United States to escape a £1 million tax bill.

She plucked girls from the chorus lines and modelling agencies, selected their lingerie and clothing, dictated their make-up and hairstyles, and introduced them to the contents of her contact-book — which included, it was widely rumoured, foreign heads of state, ministers, sheikhs, sultans, millionaires and an emperor or two.

In the 1960s, she recalled, her girls earned £6,000-£7,000 a month, plus regular gifts of jewellery, clothes and even cars. Some of them graduated to acting careers, and a few today grace the arms of leading public figures, as their wives.

Madame Claude kept between 20 and 30 per cent of her girls' earnings, and became a very wealthy woman. "Only two things always sell well," she used to say, "food and sex. And I was never much of a cook."

Madame Claude, whose real name is Fernande Grudet, is now well over 70. She published a best-selling memoir in 1994, packed with rollicking tales of cabinet ministers in satin jock-strings sticking peacock-feathers up their behinds. France was scandalised, and hugely amused. It was good to know nothing had really changed.

One thing, however, had: while lawyers like Georges Kiejman may still smile knowingly about the oldest profession, the days when

judges and senior policemen could afford to do so, too, seem definitively to be over. As Robert De Niro discovered last week.

The Oscar-winning star of *Raging Bull* and *Taxi Driver* was in town for a month, filming scenes for a new film, *Ronin*, directed by John Frankenheimer. According to Kiejman, six or eight policemen showed up at his hotel, the Bristol, on Tuesday at 8.45 am.

"During the entire day they never let him free," the lawyer said. "He could phone me, he was not under formal arrest, but without freedom all day until 9 pm..." At the end of the morning, the actor accompanied the officers to the headquarters of the vice squad in the Rue Lutèce, and then at about 6 pm to the offices of a young and ambitious investigating magistrate, Frédéric N'Guyen.

For more than a year, Judge N'Guyen has been titillating the general public and sending shockwaves through government and diplomatic circles with allegations that the vice ring he is investigating variously involves French and

foreign film stars, media personalities, politicians, international arms dealers, Gulf State rulers, and influential businessmen from America, Britain, Indonesia and the Middle East.

Among the people he has reportedly questioned are Wojtek Fibak, the former Polish tennis star; Alain Sarde, a French film producer who has worked with directors like Roman Polanski and Bertrand Tavernier; and Paul Baril, a former deputy commander of the elite National Gendarme Intervention Group and chief of security for the late President François Mitterrand.

Others who have not been named are said to include the mayor of a large French town, a former French cabinet minister, a singer, and the managing director of a well-known French cosmetics firm.

The judge is also said to be keen to question Brigitte Nielsen, the statuesque Danish former model and actress, and ex-wife of Sylvester Stallone. She was reportedly offered £1 million by an Arab

prince if she would spend the night with him.

Much of N'Guyen's information comes from a shadowy Lebanese businessman called Nazhabuddin Al-Ladki, one of several people placed under formal investigation — one step short of being charged — in the affair.

More came from Alain Meyer, a French doctor in Cannes on the Riviera. He has reportedly admitted to police that he had carried out AIDS and syphilis tests on several girls who had been "bought" by Middle Eastern businessmen and flown to destinations all over the world for a fee of up to \$5,000 a night.

"I can give you the names of several personalities or Arab princes who have, directly or through intermediaries, asked me to carry out tests on young women," Meyer allegedly told the investigators.

The two people viewed by N'Guyen as the lynchpins of the ring have been in detention since January. They are Annika Brunmark, a 40-year-old Swedish former model who acted as its madam, and Jean-Pierre Bourgeois, a 50-year-old soft porn photographer for magazines like *Lui*, *New Look* and *Penthouse*, who allegedly functioned as its talent scout. Several cell-girls have also been interviewed, and it was three of them, according to police, who told the judge that they had slept with De Niro. The actor was questioned only as a witness in the affair and no charges are likely to be filed against him.

Nonetheless, Kiejman saw last Tuesday's events as a massive publicity stunt by Judge N'Guyen, and has filed a formal complaint for "violation of secrecy in an investigation" and "obstruction of freedom of movement".

The name of Robert De Niro, he said, "is like a jewel for an investigating magistrate — and this one could not resist." The interrogation could have been accomplished by two or three policemen in a couple of hours, and privately, Kiejman argued, they only had three questions they wanted my client to answer.

But the country is already in the grip, once more, of its favourite kind of scandal. Did De Niro really make use of the call-girl ring? And are there any other juicy names lurking?

The silver-haired lawyer certainly found it amusing. "It astonishes me," he said with a wink, "that anyone could imagine my client would ever have paid for a woman. Robert De Niro has never paid for a woman. If you know the number of ravishing women who have his phone number..."

'The patient's reaction to Diana's death clarified something both to her and the doctor. She, too, felt wounded'

Psychotherapist **Ann Froshaug** on how the princess's tragedy has affected many already on the couch

It is a common experience of psychotherapists that national and international news rarely plunges on what patients talk about. Sometimes though, an event happens that cuts into the subjective and unique worlds of patients to reveal a recognition that something extraordinary has happened.

Princess Diana's death last year was one such event. From my discussions with colleagues about patients' reactions, it seems that at least half of them spoke about it soon after.

"I didn't expect to mind so much as I did. When I heard the news I wept. It was an extraordinary event — it hit you in the solar plexus. Of those patients who reacted, their view was exactly the same as mine," one colleague said. "It was awful. I'm so affected by this and I don't know why," was the view of another.

Many colleagues said it is very hard to make sense of this, and wondered who and what Diana was. There were many suggestions: She was a star but damaged. She had a quality that enabled people to invent her in their own image. She was a fairy tale, a Cinderella.

Interpretations suggested she was drawn to men who could not take care of her. She was the unwanted third girl.

Diana's mother left her father. There were wicked stepmothers in her life. She was so young, so beautiful. It struck a personal chord but some wondered if the outpouring was real: "I think people felt deeply guilty in some way... the flowers, they were a reparation."

There seems general agreement that the patients who reacted gave their psychotherapists a "way in" to material and feelings which could help us make more sense of who they are. Their responses illuminated aspects of themselves, their mental processes and their unconscious fantasies.

A psychotherapist, who is also a GP, described a patient who has long-standing sciatica: "She arrived at my surgery in an agitated state saying the medicines were not working. It seemed to me her sciatica was not that bad but she insisted it had flared up terribly since Princess Diana's death."

"I asked her to tell me how the event had affected her. It seemed 20 years before, her brother, husband and mother had been killed in a car crash and she had been unable to grieve at the time. The suddenness of Diana's death brought out her repressed grief and convinced me that her sciatica had a somatic cause. Already she is talking about the earlier experiences and is feeling calmer."

The same psychotherapist spoke of another patient: a very depressed woman who is usually unable to show her feelings. She arrived weeping, and said she was surprised by her reaction to Diana's death. "You see she was doomed... no matter what happened to her, she had ineradicable wounds: fate was tragic for her."

This patient's reaction at last clarified something both to her and her doctor. She, too, felt wounded and doomed, and had reacted by creating a closed-down state of depression which covered her feelings.

Another colleague talked of a patient who reacted to the bereavement as if it were the loss of an early "golden" object. Her mother had died in her early childhood and had become an idealised good mother. Diana's death with the piles of flowers was followed by the return of ordinary life and the status quo.

A number of patients made direct identification with Diana as someone who stood up to authority but felt she was doomed. For several patients, the personal chord was that Princess Diana was someone special, unfairly struck down. This seems the essence of such deeply-felt grief.

The most interesting reactions were those where multiple identifications highlighted the patients' internal worlds and associated web of dynamics. A patient who showed anger towards his therapist for being away in the summer, was expressing strong feelings of early loss. The patient had been sent to boarding school, aged 10, after his mother was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis.

He saw his mother as exciting and seductive. In his teens, when her MS was in remission, she separated from his no-hoper alcoholic father. Soon after, she died, leaving him and his sister. This patient talks on and on, the therapist told me.

Unexpectedly, in a recent session, he exploded with "how could she... leave her children like that... At least Charles was there for them... he went to his children... he held their hands." It is not difficult to see his anger with his beautiful mother, his ambivalence about her and Diana's sexiness, and his longing for his weak father to have been there, after all, to hold his hand.

Another colleague described two very dramatic responses to Diana's death. One was a borderline patient who made a very serious suicide bid on the day of Diana's funeral. It was only luck that she survived. She had taken an overdose but was too woozy to get the plastic bag over her head.

The second case was a patient who had a paranoid fantasy that the car crash had been engineered by the royal family assisted by MIs, a strange coincidence, perhaps, in the light of this week's comments by Mohamed Al Fayed that he believes Diana's death was caused by a conspiracy.

In a separate case, an often-withdrawn patient, who has been in therapy for 11 years has been talking of ending the

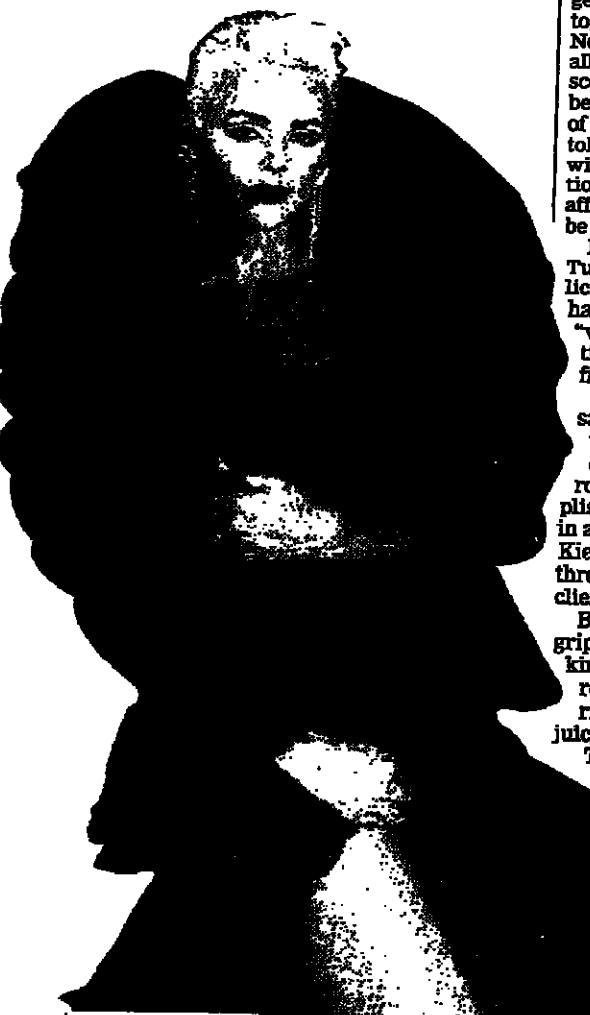
sessions but fears the loss of a place which he feels is safe, where he has painfully learned to be more himself but still doubts whether this is possible in most of the outside world. He went to a session three days after the car crash to say: "There's been a change in the atmosphere I think, with Diana's death and the change since May 1 in the political climate... I experience people en masse differently in London. It's huge, and can be a frightening place, you never know what's going to come up. I felt with Diana's death... everyone changed, there was a shared reaction, a feeling which I felt part of. I feel differently now, more a part of everything. I can stand up and speak to people older than myself, I feel all right. An integrity in myself."

The mass reaction to Diana's death remains harder to understand. Almost six months after the car crash, direct references to Diana are now made less frequently by patients. But there is no end to the public interest, as shown by the enduring media comment and conjecture. If only she had been rushed to hospital she might have lived, we heard this week; an accusation easier for us to accept than the finality of her death.

Princess Diana appeared, even to those who were cynical about her, as someone who had a gift for making people feel better. She was beautiful and befriended the ordinary and very ill. She could hold the limelight and touch the dying.

Although she publicly acknowledged being suicidal and depressed — which are so often taboo subjects — she also showed love and concern for others. I think this is why many people were so deeply affected by her completely unexpected and violent death.

Ann Froshaug is a member of the London Centre for Psychotherapy and the Forum for Independent Psychotherapists



PHOTOGRAPH BY LAZIC

THE WORST OF MY WEEK

arts

Profits and loss

This painting was seized from its Jewish owner by the Nazis. Now New York's District Attorney has impounded it pending a criminal trial. If the DA wins, \$25 billion worth of looted art could be reclaimed from galleries and collectors all over the world.

By Gaby Wood

"The war is over," Egon Schiele is said to have told his sister as he was dying, "and I must go. My paintings will be shown in all the museums of the world." He couldn't have known, though, by what means his paintings would arrive there, and over the past few weeks (30 years after Schiele's death) their provenance has stirred up moral storms and legal battles for the museums of the world.

The story has unfurled like an improbable epic novel: a tale of generations and genocide, which hinges on the disturbing work of an expressionist painter, with appearances put in by a Jewish comedian, a German private eye, an art dealer irrefragable to the point of obsession, a millionaire with divided loyalties; politicians, collectors, Nazis.

Egon Schiele: The Leopold Collection, Vienna was on display at New York's Museum of Modern Art from mid-October to the beginning of January this year. The trouble arose on January 7, the day the artworks were to be shipped back to Europe. Two Jewish families living in New York each claimed that a painting in the exhibition had been stolen from a relative by the Nazis during the war. MOMA replied that it was not their policy to enquire about provenance. Dr. Rudolf Leopold, whose collection it is, said he had bought every painting in good faith, but that he was willing (and this is very unusual) to be bound by an international finding tribunal. Later that day, Robert Morgenthau, Manhattan's District Attorney, issued a subpoena preventing the works from returning to Vienna, and began a criminal investigation. There is no known precedent for a legal battle over artworks being treated as a criminal, rather than a civil, case. Leopold immediately withdrew his offer of cooperating with an international tribunal.

The art world is shocked, since cultural property on loan to New York is indemnified against seizure by state law. But that particular law, it seems, is open to interpretation. When questioned, the DA's office replied that they were simply investigating stolen property within their jurisdiction. MOMA has insisted on the terms of the immunity offered by the New York Legislature and has moved to quash the subpoena, saying they are contractually obliged to return the paintings. A grand jury is set for March 5.

Egon Schiele, master of the sickened, slouching and lifted, was born in 1890 in a small town on the Danube. His father, a railroad controller, died of syphilis (having infected four of Egon's siblings) when Schiele was 14. Schiele is often supposed, on the evidence of his drawings, to have been a sexual pervert, but he was said by one friend to be "one of the most normal people" he had ever known.

Schiele's drawings, however, were not the only evidence used against him. He attended the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna (the year after Schiele arrived, a would-be student failed the entrance exam, then failed it again the next year; there was nothing for it — young Adolf Hitler had to turn to other pursuits) and, in 1911, moved with his lover Wally Neuzil to his mother's home town of Krumsau. Their living in sin, compounded by his choice of teenage girls as nude models for his work, meant that they were driven from the place before long.

It was in Krumsau that Schiele painted the sombre block of a landscape known as Dead City III, which later came into the possession of Fritz Grunbaum, who owned it when the second world war broke out. Grunbaum was a Jewish art collector and comedian; he died at Dachau concentration



Schiele's portrait of his lover, Wally Neuzil, seized by Nazi art dealer Friedrich Welz... Below, left to right, Schiele, Leopold and Morgenthau

camp in 1940. His relative Rita Reif, a semi-retired New York Times arts reporter, is now asking that the painting be restored to Grunbaum's heirs.

The next place Schiele and Wally settled in offered no safe haven: in Neulengbach Schiele was arrested on charges of kidnapping and rape, and eventually convicted of disseminating pornographic art (he spent a total of 24 days in jail). Wally, who had been a model for Schiele's mentor Gustav Klimt, was the first love of Schiele's life. One of only two, in the year after his trouble with the law, Schiele painted her portrait, a counterpart to a self-portrait he did at the same time. When the Nazis invaded Austria in 1938, this painting was owned by an art dealer named Lea Bondi Jaray whose family is now claiming it back.

Schiele left Wally for Edith Harms, whom he married in 1915, four days before he was drafted into the army. He was assigned to a Russian POW camp in Vienna, where he could draw the prisoners. Wally, who was a red cross nurse at the front, died of measles in 1917. Nine months later, in the last days of the war, Edith died of the Spanish flu epidemic then sweeping across Europe. She was six months



The artist... was arrested for kidnapping and rape and convicted of disseminating pornography

pregnant. Schiele died three days later, having contracted her illness, so one version of the story goes, by making love to his wife on her death bed.

Schiele's work has since become part of Austrian national heritage, and that country's past is not without complication. The person hired by both families to unearth the truth is one Willi Korte, a former lawyer who has given up legal practice to concentrate on art theft alone, as a private investigator. The most avid and successful collector of Schiele is Rudolf Leopold, a 72-year-old retired Austrian ophthalmologist. Leopold has the largest collection anywhere in the world (more than 950 paintings and drawings from that artist's brief life) and has said he will never stop buying Schiele. His means of acquiring them are legendary — stories are told of him paying much less than what he knew to be their worth, of making phone calls in the middle of the night, of waiting on an art owner's doorstep until she returned, late, from the theatre, of flying to Australia to persuade someone to sell and fighting off competition by impersonating members of the owner's family on the phone.

In 1994, Leopold sold his collection to the Austrian government, to whom he owed years' worth of national wealth tax. They arrived at a deal for the sale, whereby Leopold receives a salary as director for life of the museum which the government is building to house his collection. He is also to receive \$175 million in instalments.

He has been sued successfully once before, by Schiele's sister, who claimed that he had persuaded her to give him some drawings she had inherited in exchange for some less valuable oil paintings which he had.

The man stuck in the middle of the Schiele dispute is Rosalind Lauder, heir to the Edle Lauder cosmetics empire (according to Forbes magazine he is worth \$2.4 billion), chairman of MOMA, chairman of World Jewish Congress's Commission for Art Recovery and brother of the chairman of the Whitney Museum. Lauder is a collector of Schiele himself and is acquainted with Leopold; he helped to bring the paintings to New York, and paid half the exhibition costs. Both of the bodies he chairs are engaged in the legal battle (one against the other), and Lauder has taken no stand on the matter.

The particulars of ownership are the province of the grand jury trial, and will have to be awaited. Meanwhile, the aspect of the case that has been most discussed, and most publicised, is the question of whether art loans will ever be possible again — whether new risks and new restrictions will mean that the world's art can't be shared with the rest of the world. There would be serious international financial losses as a result of this: many collections survive by lending to the US. However, the possible death of museum culture is perhaps insignificant compared to the deaths and lives of the people being remembered in these proceedings. What the confiscation of the paintings really signals is that we are now benefiting from the crimes of the Nazis.

The continuing rawness of the Holocaust is testified to in the surge of memoirs published in the last couple of years; in Daniel Goldhagen's controversial book, Hitler's Willing Executioners, which argued, to put it crudely, that all Germans were responsible; and in the discovery last year of Nazi gold in Switzerland. Two books have been published on Nazi art theft — Lynn Nicholas's *The Rape of Europe* (1994) and Hector Feliciano's *The Lost Museum* (1997) —



The collector... has more of Schiele's paintings than anyone else in the world

and more are in the works. On the subject of Egon Schiele alone there has been, in the last couple of years, a novel, a dance piece, an album and a film. There is a renewed urgency now, before the century's end, or before the generation who experienced those years expires, to "remember", or as the Bible's command goes: "Zakhor!"

To get to the lives behind the paintings, or at least the people entwined with one of them, I went to visit one of the claimants — Henry Bondi, the 75-year-old nephew of Lea Bondi Jaray. We had tea at the Bondi house in Princeton, NJ, and slowly, good-humouredly, he drew me back into that time.

Henry Bondi remembers the portrait of Wally very well. When he saw it as a child, it reminded him of his sister. "The same doe eyes and unrequested melancholy." He remembers his aunt's gallery in Vienna (she knew Schiele and was a good friend of Klimt, both of whose work she exhibited) and the gallery she set up in London when she fled in 1939 ("Conditions were terrible, especially after Kristallnacht"), where she exhibited an unknown artist called Henry Moore. He remembers his aunt as "a tough bird — funny, but also very serious and very cutting".

Lea Bondi Jaray's gallery was seized after the Anschluss by a small-time Nazi art dealer named Friedrich Welz. The painting in question was not there, though, it was in her house. He claimed that alone — they were about to flee, and, he said, "you know what he can do to us". Bondi set up her gallery in London and returned to Vienna in 1946 to reclaim her paintings. She sued successfully for some, but Wally, which meant a great deal to her, had been taken from Welz (then being held by American officials as a war crimes suspect) and was in the collection of the Belvedere, the Austrian National Gallery. Leopold acquired it in a trade involving several paintings in 1954.

As Bondi and I spoke, there was something I couldn't get straight in my head. In 1945, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York was asked to estimate the value of all the art plundered by the Nazis during the war. The figure arrived at and published, was \$2.5 billion (\$25

billion in today's dollars), or more than the value of all the art then in the United States. It is known that more than 20 years after the beginning of the war, all looted families received compensation from the Federal Republic of Germany — based on half of the artworks' market value in 1940. What else, I wondered, was done? "That's a very good question," ponders Bondi. "There was no 'due process of law', I could never understand why this question didn't come up at the Nuremberg trials."

There was a big art collector in Vienna, same name as mine, only with a 'y' — Oscar Bondy, my aunt knew him very well. When the Nazis moved in, his collection, and Baron Rothschild's, which were old collections, were confiscated by Goering and Hitler. So killing Jews and confiscating art some-how went together. I could never understand that. Why? Why was nothing ever done about it?

Both Nicholas's and Feliciano's books state that art theft figured prominently at Nuremberg. But there doesn't seem to have been a separate category, it arose as part of the rubric "pillaging of public and private property". Bondi's point is that something of such



The DA... issued a subpoena preventing the works returning to Vienna

"officially stated magnitude" should have been dealt with in its own right. I ask him if he knows of deaths directly connected to art theft, if people were killed just for their collections.

"Oh, yes, of course," he says, and tells me the story of Fritz Gutmann. Gutmann was a collector who lived in Holland. He thought his family would be protected from the Nazis because he was very high up in the German banking system and had connections. In 1943 a German officer came to the Gutmann house to say they were being granted safe passage to Italy. Gutmann and his wife Louise were given first-class tickets, and their daughter Lili was expecting them at the train station in Florence. Lili met every train for the next several days. Her parents' carriage had been re-routed to Berlin, where they were transferred to a train bound for the concentration camp at Theresienstadt. Fritz Gutmann refused to sign papers ceding his art collection to the Reich and was beaten to death. Louise was sent to Auschwitz. She died in the gas chambers two weeks later.

"You ask did they kill, yes they killed. They killed for art, when it suited them. There were other cases like that." Gutmann's heir have found some of the missing paintings in America, and are now involved in a lawsuit over them.

"If nothing else my family's case has catalysed something in a manner I certainly never thought it would," Bondi continues. "But then I'm told that's because I know nothing about it. I may know something about art, but this is politics of art. I was taught about the Medici's" — he shrugs and laughs — "I should have known."

Should the grand jury return the painting to the Bondi family, what will be done with it is undecided. Henry Bondi is not an heir to his aunt's collection, and, he says, the decision about what to do with it rests with his heirs. "Of course," he teases, "I have my own opinion on it." His opinion touches on an irony that adds the perfect twist to the story. It is likely to please English readers, and to surprise perhaps Americans. "Well," he laughs, "my aunt in one of her letters said: before they behaved so badly, I was going to give it to the Austrian government. Now, I shall give it to the Tate, because they've been so wonderful to me."

The Schiele exhibition, without the two disputed paintings, opens at the Picasso Museum, Barcelona, on Monday.

West Indies v England: third Test, first day

Mike Selvey in Port of Spain sees West Indies collapse to the ever-reliable Angus Fraser and his oft-maligned partner

Caddick comes on a storm

HOW long before Angus Fraser is declared a national monument and given a National Trust grant? And Andrew Caddick must be in contention for honours as well after he drew inspiration from Fraser to follow suit with a dramatic spell that yielded five wickets as England took charge on the first day.

Yesterday Fraser followed his massive 11-wicket effort in the second Test with five more that hauled England back into the third Test at a time when Brian Lara and his West Indies team seemed to be running away. Thanks to Fraser (five for 40) and Caddick (five for 67), West Indies

Scoreboard

WEST INDIES

First Innings

S L Campbell c Thorpe b Fraser	28
S C Williams c Thorpe b Caddick	28
T C Lara c Russell b Fraser	42
G L Hooper c Burchard b Fraser	42
C Chandepaul bow b Fraser	14
J C Adams c Atherton b Caddick	14
T D Williams b Caddick	14
C E L Ambrose b Caddick	14
K C G Benjamin bow b Caddick	14
N A M McLean c Headley b Fraser	11
C A Walsh not out	5
Extras	5
Total (57.4 overs)	189
Fall of wickets: 36, 53, 56, 100, 132, 132	

ENGLAND

First Innings

M A Atherton, A J Stewart, G Thorpe, M Hoggard, P C Stanger, M A Summer, R C Russell, A R Caddick, D W Headley, A R C Fraser, P C R Tunnell, M Hoggard, D R Hart and E Edwards	
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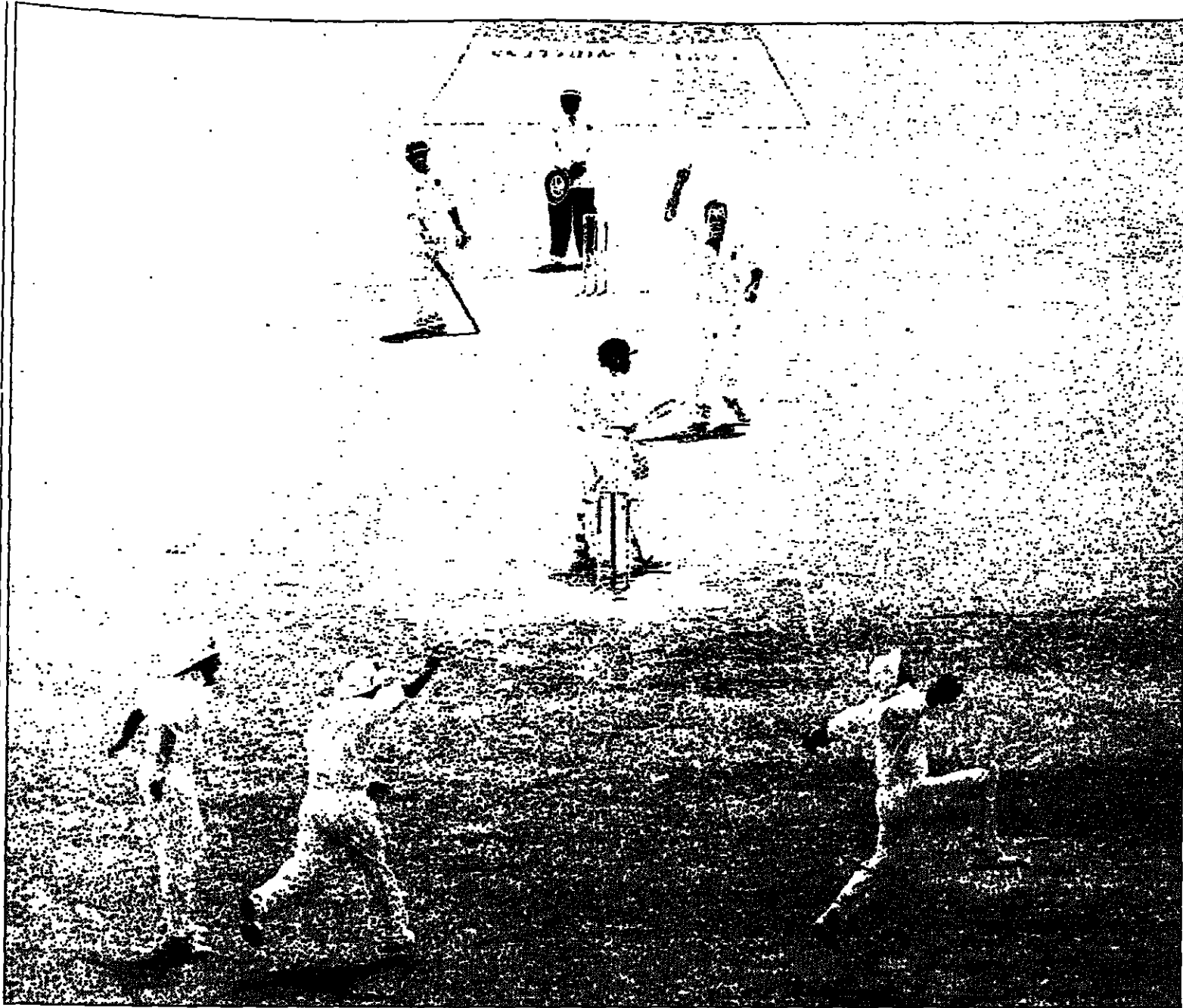
were dismissed for 159. Put in to bat — reluctantly but inevitably — by Mike Atherton, nothing that the England seamers produced moved around half as much as the chest of the female stalker who took to the field, and shortly after lunch West Indies were 92 for one, with Lara going like the clappers.

Lead, Fraser, from nowhere, dismissed Sherwin Campbell (28), Carl Hooper (4) and Lara (42, including seven fours) in 18 deliveries, at a personal cost of four runs, reducing them to 100 for four.

West Indies' position worsened after tea when Caddick with a devastating spell of four wickets for four runs in seven balls removed David Williams, Ambrose and Benjamin to leave them reeling at 140 for eight. Shivnarine Chandepaul was unbeaten on 35.

The day for England had been inauspicious even before a ball had been bowled with the withdrawal of Adam Hoggard, his sore back, winged while putting the opposition in, but then bat yourself anyway.

Certainly in the Caribbean, where pitches tend to deteriorate dramatically towards the end of a game, it is a tenet that holds good: ask a side to bat first and you have to take early wickets or suffer the



The biggest catch... Brian Lara awaits the verdict but Jack Russell is sure he has him caught behind off Angus Fraser

PHOTOGRAPH: MATTHEW ASHTON

the hotel with flu, it was Mark Butcher again who came into the side at the last minute, his sole contribution to the tour so far having been his first-ball dismissal on the minifield at Sabina Park.

Having lost five tosses in a row last summer, Atherton won his third of this series here. There is an old-fashioned streak in him which says that unless the conditions are extreme, you might think about putting the opposition in, but then bat yourself anyway.

England's yesterday returned to the scene of the disaster in the city they may now think of as Sport of Pain in much the same mood that they left it. They put West Indies in, which fitted the consensual judgement on the pitch. We have no experience of back-to-back Tests on side-by-side pitches; everyone assumed in advance the surfaces would be like identical twins.

The early evidence suggests they are more like neighbours with nothing in common: this is the snooty, up-with-the-Joneses member

of society with little to say to the rude and bad-tempered lot next door, which occupied our attention last week.

In the early stages this was Friday the 13th, part 254: one of those sessions when you wonder why England bother playing other countries at cricket because the gap between the teams seems unbridgeable. Then Caddick, perverse to the last, made them lions again.

Fifty years ago yesterday, to the day, on February 13 1948, a young opening batsman called Andy Ganteaume scored a century for West Indies on this very ground against Gubby Allen's England team. It was his first Test and also his last. He was only playing because Jeff Stollmeyer was injured. And Ganteaume's opening partner, George Carew — who batted in a chocolate-coloured suit but also made a hundred, rather more quickly.

So Ganteaume was dropped when Stollmeyer came back. And that was that. The fact that Ganteaume was black in days when the West Indian cricket establishment was

bowled without conviction — more concerned it seemed with not bowling badly than with bowling well.

Campbell and Stuart Williams were able to add 36 largely untroubled runs for the first wicket, before Atherton decided to switch Caddick to the Northern End of the ground. It brought immediate success when his first delivery, pitched well up, left Williams in the air and Thorpe at first slip took a low catch.

Enter Lara to the cheers of the crowd and the infuriating babble of a ground DJ not lacking in self-confidence. Caddick's first ball was a half-volley, driven through mid-off and with Campbell bedding in, he was away.

Fraser, though, changed the complexion of the day with his persistence but not before Caddick suffered some humiliation at the hands of Lara and Campbell, three boundaries going to Lara and one to the opener as the first over after lunch brought 19 runs.

Cue Fraser. In the next over, Campbell pushed forward and Thorpe, at first slip once more, took his second low catch of the innings. It was the start of a roll for Fraser.

Hooper went from hero to villain in the time it took him to drive unwisely outside off stump and for Mark Butcher to leap high to his right at point and take a sensational one-handed catch.

But the cherry on the cake was the wicket of Lara. For 90 minutes this had been the old

Lara, driving freely where others dare not, swiftness to pull anything remotely short, and looking irresistible. Now, though, he tried one shot too many, attempting to pull Fraser from outside off stump without any real conviction.

The resultant underedge was deemed to have carried to Russell only after the umpires Darryl Hair and Eddie Nicholls had consulted the third umpire. In the second Test, Stuart Williams was given not out in similar circumstances and that, together with the number of very low catches taken by Thorpe, who probably takes his positional cue from the keeper, makes one wonder whether Russell does not stand too deep on slow pitches.

opening batsman went first probably, mattered only to the other end and was the man whose middle names are "Indifferent Bounce" (he had them changed from Dylan by deed poll). Bob Willis is now reaping the rewards of those hypnotism sessions he took in the Eighties. Magical observations like "The hotel was bereft of taxis this morning as the drivers headed down to the cruise ships hoping for a fare" were of perfect wine and length. It's a sort of thing which has made big Bob the true heir to Jim Laker.

Meanwhile the radio boys were playing an absolute blinder but having no luck at all. At the start of the fourth day, Henry Blofeld turned to Colin Croft and bet him a bunch of bananas that England would win. Croft had no answer to that, but Blowers

Go for gold, lads, and watch those wickets fall



W E ALL make mistakes, and Pod would be less than 300 per cent honest if he didn't put his hand up and admit that he'd made a few himself.

Like the spread-bet I took on the number of Alec Stewart's fingers to be broken during last week's Port of Spain clash. Guess who bought at three? It's enough to make you stick a stump through a guy's hotel-room door. Sorry about that, Stewie chum.

But as cock-ups go, opening the attack in the last game with the wrong pair of fast bowlers takes the biscuit. No disrespect intended to Messrs Botham and Elliott, but they were all over the shop. What could the Sky TV management have been thinking of, with Bob Willis and Michael Holding both champing at the bit, ready to let rip with the unique slow delivery which makes them such a deadly force as a commentary team?

By the time they were handed the microphone it was almost too late. But like the true pro he is, Mikey ignored the slight and settled into his characteristic measured rhythm, applying the lessons he learned at the knee of Gordon Greenidge: a day's play goes on for seven hours, so stretch your sentences out as long as possible, man.

Keeping it tight-lipped at the other end was the man whose middle names are "Indifferent Bounce" (he had them changed from Dylan by deed poll). Bob Willis is now reaping the rewards of those hypnotism sessions he took in the Eighties. Magical observations like "The hotel was bereft of taxis this morning as the drivers headed down to the cruise ships hoping for a fare" were of perfect wine and length. It's a sort of thing which has made big Bob the true heir to Jim Laker.

suddenly lost his nerve and said he'd bet anybody a bunch of bananas, no matter who they were.

It's a shame when someone as talented as Blowers, the people's commentator, falls foul of the laws of political correctness. He took some quiting that he sometimes couldn't tell some of the West Indian lads apart. But when you've got guys like Curtly Ambrose and David Williams in the same side you're always going to be struggling ID-wise in the Gerry Gomez Media Centre.

As for the second Test itself, okay, as John Major said, so we lost. Incidentally, that bloke was getting to be a bit of a pain and we were relieved when he went home. You can only play so many games of Owzath with someone in a hotel lobby before they begin to get seriously boring.

Added to which Andy Caddick reckons the ex-Pak put a voodoo curse on his bowling. I have to say I think that's completely far-fetched. What stuffed Caddy was the deafening din from the Panorama steel band championships. With ears as sensitive as his it's no surprise he didn't get the wink of sleep for five nights. If it wasn't that, it was El Nino changing direction to blow fumes through your window from the oil refinery. So the last Test was pretty well a non-event as far as crowd appeal was concerned and settled into his characteristic measured rhythm, applying the lessons he learned at the knee of Gordon Greenidge: a day's play goes on for seven hours, so stretch your sentences out as long as possible, man.

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The Hand That Tricked Brian Lara

Matthew Engel in Trinidad on the practical difficulty in dismissing West Indies' captain

THE humorous old Somerset pro, Bill Andrews, wrote an autobiography called The Hand That Bowled Bradman, which derived its title from his greatest cricketing moment — the joke being that Bradman had 202 at the time.

Andrew Caddick is The Man Who Knows How To Get Brian Lara Out. Or so he said, in one of his rare public utterances that are provoking now as much as they were then. I expect he does know. I have a vague idea how to dismiss Lara myself: persuade him to miss if it's straight, or nick if it isn't. It's the practicality that is so damn difficult.

Angus Fraser doesn't really know how to get Lara out, except in the way he knows how to get anyone out: find the right spot to land the ball and keep bowling it in the same place. Luckily, by doing

that, he got Lara out yesterday before he reached 202. Lord knows a double century looked a possibility.

But it turned out Caddick did know how to get out the middle order. And a team who looked totally down at heel after lunch looked winners again — maybe.

England's yesterday returned to the scene of the disaster in the city they may now think of as Sport of Pain in much the same mood that they left it. They put West Indies in, which fitted the consensual judgement on the pitch. We have no experience of back-to-back Tests on side-by-side pitches; everyone assumed in advance the surfaces would be like identical twins.

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The early evidence suggests they are more like neighbours with nothing in common: this is the snooty, up-with-the-Joneses member

Carnival spirit sorely tested

B C Pires hears Queen's Park Oval fall silent as Lara sees the red light and walks

WITH Carnival only a week away, Black Friday took on a colorful meaning for the local crowd on the first day of the third (ie second) Test at the Queen's Park Oval. West Indian supporters were buoyant in the first session. After lunch, however, Black Friday reverted to its normal meaning.

In the second (ie first) Test Trinidadians had laboured to appear unconcerned but deep inside many were worried. After Monday's win, though, there was nothing superficial about the good mood in the stands. The party went right to the core; for one morning, anyway.

No one really minded too much when Sherwin Campbell was out for 28 yesterday because when the first West Indian wicket falls the consolation prize is Brian Lara.

The question of which opening batsman went first probably, mattered only to the other end and was the man whose middle names are "Indifferent Bounce" (he had them changed from Dylan by deed poll). Bob Willis is now reaping the rewards of those hypnotism sessions he took in the Eighties. Magical observations like "The hotel was bereft of taxis this morning as the drivers headed down to the cruise ships hoping for a fare" were of perfect wine and length. It's a sort of thing which has made big Bob the true heir to Jim Laker.

only 12 balls and one run. Not even 95 for three could slow down the soca. The West Indian supporters even cheered for a moment when the red light shone to indicate that the third umpire had given Brian Lara out. They grew quiet only when they saw their Brian walking back to the pavilion. Oh, Red meant go.

It would have taken a strong West Indian heart to be invigorated by the sight of Jimmy Adams coming to the wicket with the score at 100 for four. Adams is loved in Trinidad but a total of three runs in his last Test was not encouraging.

Pakistan play on as security is stepped up

Paul Weaver in Johannesburg

SECURITY has been intensified for South Africa's Test series against Pakistan, which will now start here today, a day late, following the mugging of two members of the touring party.

All Bacher, managing director of the United Cricket Board of South Africa, said yesterday: "Our immediate concern is to beef up the security to the extent that the Pakistan team can feel comfortable and secure and can concentrate on their cricket."

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This website is the only one of its kind in the world of English cricket. It provides you with the latest news and information on the West Indies 1998 tour.

West Indies 98

Sri Lanka A v England A: third Test, first day

Ormond strikes a rich mixture to show there is no choke without fire

David Hopps in Moratuwa

FOR a fast bowler down on his luck De Soysa Park can be a discouraging experience. As if Colombo's heat and humidity are not taxing enough, a blaring stream of traffic on the main route south belches fumes across a ground that resembles a non-league football stadium in the Twenties.

The last time an England side endured such oppressive conditions was in Calcutta five years ago when Ted Dexter announced an immediate study into pollution levels at all Indian Test grounds. His smogometer never caught on, so Jimmy Ormond, Leicestershire's bulky pace bowler,

relied instead on the team coughometer. Readings were high. "The pollution stuck in the back of your throat," he said. "There was an awful lot of coughing going on."

Before yesterday, the opening day of the final unofficial Test, Ormond's tour had been uneventful — another English fast bowler struggling for fuel in demanding Asian conditions. But the slight dampness in the pitch provided an outlet. By the close he had four for 38 in 18 overs and Sri Lanka A were struggling at 235 for eight. It was a good toss to lose.

"It was very important to prove to myself that I could succeed out here," he said. "I knew from the minute I left my bowling mark that it was going to be a good day."

Cricket — West Indies Tour

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The Guardian

INTERACTIVE

Rugby Union

At the end of a bad week for forwards Robert Kitson finds Northampton's Garry Pagel enjoying his freedom after nine months in a South Africa sin-bin

Rampaging Rhino sees no reason to go soft

IF ANYONE can relate to how Kevin Yates is feeling this weekend it should be the man they call the White Rhino. Northampton's Garry Pagel knows exactly what it is like to be a loose-head pro tossed into the public cage reserved for alleged rugby "animals": he also knows the sweet sensation of freedom which accompanies a fresh start in new surroundings.

Anyone expecting sympathy to flow in Yates's direction is, however, ignoring an immutable law of the front-row species: never go soft on those who might be dangerous somewhere down the track.

It was June 12, 1993 when the Springbok, now 31, stepped across the line which divides the game's floodplain from the steamy jungle. Playing for Western Province

fair struck a chord, if not the obvious one. "It was a bad incident and I think he's actually quite lucky with the suspension he's got," says Pagel. "Obviously there must be enough evidence to say he's guilty, but next season he can go back to the cage reserved for alleged rugby 'animals'."

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No amount of shove ha'penny prowess will protect Vickery unless he has learned a lesson

against France in Cape Town. Pagel's studs inflicted terrible facial injuries on the then French captain Jeff Tordo, who required 50 stitches and plastic surgery and never played Test rugby again. Pagel has always maintained that the raking was not deliberate, but his 12-month ban, subsequently reduced to nine on appeal, ensured a host of damaging headlines which cling still.

Since Pagel arrived in Britain in the autumn in search of a new challenge, it is opposing tight-heads who have taken the strain. Gary Halpin, among others, rates him the best loose-head currently roaming England.

Which makes today's game between Northampton and Gloucester at Kingsholm all the more intriguing. Opposite Pagel will be the 20-stone England hopeful Phil Vickery and with the travails of Clive Woodward's pack in Paris still fresh in the memory, the West Country boy-mountain has the perfect chance to improve his own chances.



Hard man's warning... Pagel believes the ear-biting stigma will stick to Kevin Yates as the Tordo incident did to him

learned some hard lessons. The bad news is that Pagel was apparently operating on limited thrust last time. "I had quite serious flu and he's a bit stronger and better this time," says Pagel, who feels Vickery "needs a couple more years. You will get one or two props who will perform at a younger age but it is definitely a position where you improve with age. In a few seasons he will learn things and obviously get stronger."

The Northampton coach Ian McGeechan singles out Pagel's "phenomenal work-rate", having seen him destroy Jason Leonard's Test chances when last year's Lions met Western Province. Since his early days in Eastern Province, Pagel has shared the South African view of the scrum as an attacking weapon — "you have to produce the goods there otherwise you'll be found out — and is polarised of England's front row in Paris.

"I was quite surprised," he says. "I wouldn't say they lost the match but they did really struggle over there. I haven't played against Darren Garforth (Leicester) and at the moment I would say Will Green at Wasps is technically one of the better tight-heads I've played against over here."

A closet Manchester United fan, Pagel is enjoying himself in the East Midlands and sees a fair amount of Joe Stranksy on the M1 at Leicester. His two-year contract has an option for a third and he is happy to wind up his career in England, resigned to South Africa's policy of not selecting those in self-imposed exile.

Golf

Exasperated Els throws club inches from caddie

David Davies in Johannesburg
THE IMAGE of amiable Ernie Els, "the Big Easy" as they call him in America, was seriously dented at the Houghton golf club yesterday in his first round of the South African PGA Championship.

Equable Els is known as a man who accepts whatever the fates choose to throw at him, but yesterday it was Els who was doing the throwing. A club hurled out of his hands, whipped 30 yards across the fairway and almost took his caddie's legs from under him. It was completely out of character and a moment he regretted immediately.

Even for a fit 28-year old like Els. Johnstone has always relied heavily on his short game. He has even written a book about it, and in 1992 it took him to victory in the Volvo PGA Championship and seventh place in the European rankings. Since then though he has struggled to remain in the top 50 and he will not be comforted by the proximity of Els over the weekend.

Hockey

England will travel light of Luggage

Pat Rowley
ENGLAND will have to go to the Sultan Azlan Shah tournament in Ipoh, Malaysia, at the end of the month without David "Luggage" Luckes, one of their two world-class goalkeepers. He appeared to have made a full recovery from a knee operation but suffered a new injury to the same knee during training at Bisham this week.

Tennis

Locusts are first to plague Kiefer

Richard Jago in Dubai
NICOLAS KIEFER, heir hopeful to Boris Becker, said after his victory against the defending champion Thomas Muster in the Dubai Open this week that he hoped to win a Grand Slam title this year or next. It always seemed to be tempting the fates.

Torrential rain yesterday swept under both the covers and the synthetic surface, rendered the Centre Court unplayable and caused the German wannabe's banishment to an unsheltered outdoor court. There, in 55 minutes, Kiefer took a wind-riveted quarter-final beating by 6-3, 6-2 from the unseeded Wayne Ferreira.

Kiefer might have perceived signs that human designs can count for little, because dust-storms and a glut of locusts in the arena preceded the watery intrusion. "I have never played in conditions like that before and hope I never do again," said the disgruntled 20-year-old.

The South African was well satisfied. "I played very well and took the conditions well," he said. "I put pressure on him and came in on his serve."

Golf

Watson condemns decision to put cart before the Tour

Tom Watson described the court ruling allowing the handicapped golfer Casey Martin to use a golf cart in tournaments as contemptible yesterday. Watson, playing in the Hawaiian Open in Honolulu, said: "As much compassion as I have for Casey, that's how much contempt I have for the court's decision."

The Tour looks doled-hearted in this but people have to realise that the future of the game is at stake. This opens a door that I don't think should have been opened."

Americans With Disabilities Act the PGA Tour had to make an exception from its rules for the 25-year-old Martin, who suffers from a circulation disorder that makes it extremely painful to walk. The PGA Tour said it would appeal the decision.

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Advertisements on the right margin including "Cup fifth round fixtures", "Last-ditch bid by Cotton to sell Euro plan", "Saracens go west in points search", "Edfearn re late change his wo", and "Squash".

FA Cup fifth round

David Lacey looks for the weekend's likely winners and warns of Barnsley threat to Alex Ferguson's out-of-form favourites

Fixtures fear as United chase Treble

AN ENGLISH footballer the Treble presents a big challenge as the Double has been won more than half the 20th century, winning the championship and the FA Cup in the same season was regarded as the stuff of dreams. Now another prestigious prize, the Champions League, represents the supreme test of a team's talent and durability.

Twenty-one years ago Manchester United denied Liverpool a unique triple triumph when they beat them in the 1977 FA Cup final. Bob Paisley's team were Football League champions and four days later they won the Euro-

pean Cup for the first time, but at Wembley Tommy Docherty's unfancied United side got the better of them 2-1. No team has come close to the Treble since, although in 1984 Liverpool did the next best thing by winning the league, the League Cup and the Champions Cup, and achieving the feat is now a complex business involving more European fixtures and a careful balancing of priorities at home and abroad.

English game will see a Treble this side of the millennium, and probably not at all if a European league proper goes under way. Having completed the Double twice in three seasons United may have given a passing thought to going one further this time, but in reality their manager Alex Ferguson is not looking far beyond winning the Champions League and retaining the Premiership title.

In the FA Cup a comprehensive win at Chelsea followed by an easy home win against Walsall have offered United the prospect of a fourth final in five seasons, and with a fifth-round tie at home to Barnsley tomorrow it remains an offer Old Trafford fans difficult to refuse.

But the further United go in the competition the greater will be the threat of the fixture congestion Ferguson is keen to avoid. As it is, United are about to play three Premiership games in 11 days before they go to Monaco for the opening leg of their Champions League quarter-final on March 4. In the FA Cup a comprehensive win at Chelsea followed by an easy home win against Walsall have offered United the prospect of a fourth final in five seasons, and with a fifth-round tie at home to Barnsley tomorrow it remains an offer Old Trafford fans difficult to refuse.

but to force a replay that would take the sides back to Old Trafford. Danny Wilson's team might, just might, do better than that against a United side lacking the suspended Paul Scholes and Nicky Butt, and doubtful about the fitness of David Beckham and Andy Cole. There is also the matter of the champions' recent form, three defeats in five Premiership matches and a scrambled draw against Bolton. Either way a repeat of United's 7-0 frolic past Barnsley at the end of October is unlikely. Arsenal and Leeds should win their home ties against Crystal Palace and Birmingham City. Palace tomorrow still chafed by the 3-0 defeat against Wimbledon last Monday which has brought a third relegation from the Premiership that much closer. Birmingham will be without the suspended Paul Furlong at Elland Road today.

West Ham are looking an increasingly good FA Cup bet and Blackburn Rovers may do well to force a replay at Upton Park. Only Arsenal have lost as few league matches as Rovers but Roy Hodgson may have to manage without Tim Flowers in goal and Stuart Ripley on the right wing. The FA Cup is all that is left for Newcastle to win this season and that should be a sufficient stimulus for Kenny Dalglish's players against Tranmere Rovers. Much the same goes for Aston Villa and Coventry City, whose tie guarantees the Midlands a representative in the draw to be made tomorrow. Wolverhampton Wanderers could cause a mild upset at Wimbledon, who are still without Marcus Gayle and have Carl Leaburn cup-tied. Wolves may have Steve Bull on the bench after a three-month absence following a knee operation.

Arsenal v Crystal Palace

Last meeting: Oct 18 1997 Crystal Palace 0, Arsenal 0 Premiership
In the Premiership Crystal Palace have a better away record than Manchester United but it is difficult to see Arsenal slipping up at Highbury tomorrow, even with David Seaman still out and Tony Adams suspended. Arsenal have won seven games out of eight if you count their penalty shoot-out at Port Vale in the third round and the combination of Dennis Bergkamp and Marc Overmars should be too much for a Palace team of form and weakened by injuries.
Forecast: Arsenal 3, Crystal Palace 1

Aston Villa v Coventry City

Last meeting: December 6, 1997 Aston Villa 3, Coventry City 0 Premiership
Recent results suggest that Coventry, with three straight wins behind them and Dion Dublin in striking form, should not lose this West Midlands Villa clash. Yet a week ago Villa bucked themselves up sufficiently to end Derby County's unbeaten home record and while they have Ian Taylor suspended today Coventry are missing Paul Williams, Noel Whelan and Paul Telfer. The outcome could depend on Dwight Yorke's fitness.
Forecast: Aston Villa 1, Coventry City 2

Leeds United v Birmingham City

Last meeting: Feb 25 1996 Leeds United 3, Birmingham City 0 Coca-Cola Cup semi-final, second leg, agg 5-1
So far Leeds United's FA Cup progress has been serene. No sign yet of the sort of falter that saw Reading knock them out of the Coca-Cola Cup at Elland Road in November. The form Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink showed in Leeds today but if Birmingham start hitting the target as regularly as in recent games against Stoke and Stockport the contest will be closer than expected.
Forecast: Leeds United 2, Birmingham City 0

Manchester United v Barnsley

Last meeting: Oct 25 1997 Manchester United 7, Barnsley 0 Premiership
Barnsley were savaged at Old Trafford before Christmas but United have not been in a saving mood lately. Today they will be without the suspended Nicky Butt and Paul Scholes while David Beckham and Andy Cole are doubtful with the strains that kept them out of the England team on Wednesday. Add to that the fact that Barnsley have lost only twice in nine games, playing exceptionally well to knock out Tottenham, and there are the makings of a surprise.
Forecast: Manchester United 1, Barnsley 1

Newcastle Utd v Tranmere Rovers

Last meeting: April 4 1992 Newcastle United 2, Tranmere Rovers 3 Old Second Division
Tranmere have yet to get beyond this stage of the FA Cup and if Alan Shearer continues to rediscover his old sharpness near goal things should stay that way. Not that this tie is a foregone conclusion. Newcastle have sold most of their players who could pass the ball imaginatively and in the last round Tranmere knocked out Sunderland against the odds. An away win today is unlikely, a replay at Prenton Park is a possibility.
Forecast: Newcastle United 1, Tranmere Rovers 0

West Ham Utd v Blackburn Rovers

Last meeting: Dec 20 1997 Blackburn 3, West Ham 0 Premiership
This looks the best tie of the round. West Ham have been omnipotent at Upton Park, winning 13 games out of 16, but Blackburn have usually been hard to beat anywhere and the quality of their 3-0 victory at Sheffield Wednesday in the fourth round marked them out as potential FA Cup finalists. Then again, Tottenham's 3-0 win at Ewood Park will have encouraged similar thoughts at West Ham. Much will rest on whether John Hartson and Chris Sutton take their chances.
Forecast: West Ham United 2, Blackburn Rovers 1

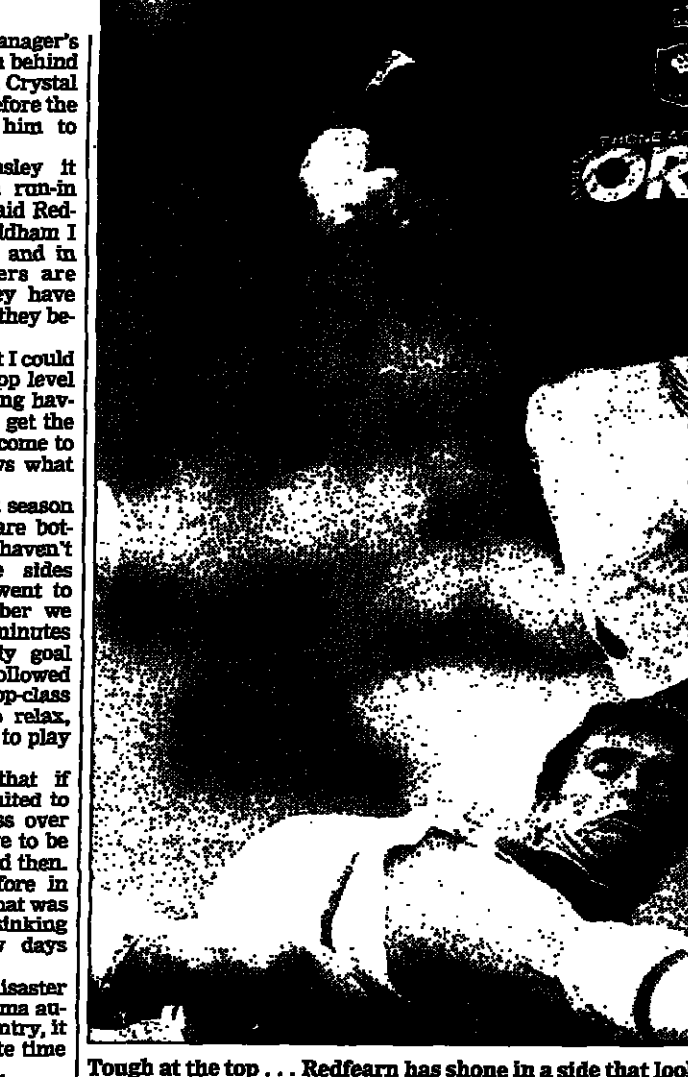
Wimbledon v Wolverhampton W

Last meeting: April 20 1985 Wimbledon 1, Wolverhampton Wanderers 1 Old Second Division
Staying in the Premiership is as much a preoccupation for Wimbledon as reaching it is a priority at Molineux. Yet both sides have cup traditions to preserve and a mutual lack of striking power could send this tie back to the Black Country for a replay. But in the previous round Wolves did eventually beat Charlton 3-0 after drawing at The Valley and Carl Leaburn, the former Charlton striker signed by Wimbledon in an emergency, is Cup-tied.
Forecast: Wimbledon 0, Wolverhampton Wanderers 0

Redfearn revels in late chance to prove his worth

Trevor Haylett on the Barnsley talisman making the most of his Premiership season

WHEN Neil Redfearn said this week that players are never more dangerous than when they have something to prove, he was referring to his struggle to gain recognition for his talents and not tomorrow's FA Cup tie which takes Barnsley back to Old Trafford. Yet it is hard to conceive a greater incentive than the memory that one's last visit to play Manchester United ended in a seven-goal defeat, the most chastening experience of a debut Premiership season likely to end with Barnsley's return to the First Division. That being so, their captain will leave the stage having proved a point. Redfearn has shown by his consistent performances and by his goals that his time at the top was long overdue; that at 33 he could more than hold his own among more dazzling personalities who might be inclined to snigger at a CV that included time served at Lincoln and Doncaster. Without the Tykes' talisman it would have been Tottenham, not Barnsley, pulling up outside Old Trafford tomorrow. It was Redfearn's equaliser at White Hart Lane that ensured a fourth-round replay and a dramatic night of FA Cup football in which he moved into double figures and laid on both his side's other goals in a 3-1 win.



Tough at the top... Redfearn has shone in a side that looks likely to lose a struggle for survival. PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MANN

Liverpool's join contest for Stam

LIVERPOOL have confirmed that they want to sign Jupp Stamatidis, the PSV defender. "We are interested in the player, we keep looking at him because he is one of the best defenders in Europe," their manager Roy Evans said yesterday. "He's strong, he's decent in the air, he's a good defender, but as far as money is concerned there have been no exchanges between the clubs." Liverpool have rejected an offer from West Ham to take the centre-back Neil Ruddock to Upton Park on a pay-as-you-play basis. Spanish and Italian clubs have agreed to take part in the Interfoto Cup for the first time after UEFA came up with a new knock-out format for the much-criticised summer competition. One English club is likely to participate for the first time since three English clubs appeared under duress in the first Interfoto held under UEFA auspices three years ago. The cup will provide three teams with a place in the 1998-99 UEFA Cup and 45 federations. Scotland are one of five countries not competing - will enter teams.

Busy Robson faces fight to land Colombia striker

Don Best
THE Middlesbrough manager Bryan Robson looks set to sign the striker Marco Branca from Internazionale and Alun Armstrong from Stockport but faces competition from Sheffield United for the Colombia marksman Hamilton Ricard. After Boro had confirmed the £2 million signing of Ricard, United claimed last night that they had signed him first. The chairman at Bramall Lane, Mike McDonald, insisted: "We have an agreement that Ricard will join us subject to a work permit." Boro are also waiting for a permit for the 24-year-old international and Robson, who spent three days in Colombia this week talking to Ricard and his club Deportivo Cali, said: "We have signed him. He was ready to come back with me until I told him he needed a work permit first. I expect him here in three weeks." Ricard, however, was in Sheffield last month for a medical and United claimed that they had agreed a £3m deal with his club. Branca, meanwhile, is poised to join Boro in a £1.5m deal and may be in the side before Ricard arrives on Teesside - if he ever does. Robson revealed yesterday that the 33-year-old Branca is ready to sign. "We're talking to Marco and we're very close," he said. The Armstrong signing, for £1.6m, is also imminent after Stockport turned down a £1.5m offer from Southampton. The 22-year-old is keen to return to his native North-east and Boro are unlikely to have trouble agreeing terms with the Gateshead-born player. The Stockport manager Gary Megson is keen to hang on to Armstrong but concedes that with his contract running out in the summer the club have to cash in while they can. Megson has already used part of any fee he receives from the sale of Armstrong by signing the midfielder Wayne Phillips from Wrexham.

Tennents Scottish Cup fourth-round preview

Patrick Glenn
RANGERS' unimpressive recent form gives them a vulnerable look as they travel to Motherwell in the Cup. The champions meet opponents capable of securing good results against the Old Firm. Motherwell, who lost their manager Alex McLeish to Hibernian on Wednesday, suffered their first defeat by Rangers in more than a year when they were unlucky to lose 1-0 at Ibrox four weeks ago. But the Fir Park side drew their two previous meetings with Rangers and have also drawn with Celtic this season. They are likely to present a formidable test even without a manager. Andy Watson, the coach in temporary charge said: "The business with Hibs was done on Wednesday when the players were off, and by the next day they were concentrating on facing Rangers. Alex's leaving may make them feel they have to start to prove something to the manager, who will be coming in." Watson has virtually a full squad from which to choose, as has the Ibrox manager Walter Smith now that the goalkeeper Andy Goram has recovered from bronchitis and the defender Alex Cleland completed a three-match suspension. "Teams who realise they have no chance of winning the league are convinced they can do well in the cup," said Smith. "Look at Kilmarnock and Falkirk in last year's final. Motherwell will give themselves a chance and they've already done well enough against us to leave nobody in any doubt about what's ahead of us." The holders Kilmarnock meet Ayr United at Somerset Park in what seems certain to be a hairy match. The Rugby Park manager Bobby Williamson said the tie was so important to the locals that defeat could leave him contemplating a leap into the river. Celtic, joint favourites for the trophy with Rangers, meet Dunfermline at East End Park on Monday and in the tie involving other Premier Division sides, expect Hearts to beat Albion Rovers. Dundee United to eliminate Caely Thistle and St Johnstone to take care of Stirling Albion. All three are at home.

Fans score own gull

Football Diary

Martin Thorpe

NON-league Fareham are issuing supporters with free umbrellas - not to keep fans dry in the rain but to protect them from pigeon and seagull droppings. In other words, to stop the s*** hitting the fan. Scores of birds have made their home in the Hampshire club's stand and the club have been forced to take action. "I know it's supposed to be good luck to have a bird drooping on your shoulder but this is a bit much," said the Fareham chairman Chris Solen. "It really is a problem and it can be quite messy when we have both sets of birds in the stand. I think they're using it as a target range. After looking at various ideas broilies seem like the best solution." But the club are not crying foul about having all these birds in poo corner. "They aren't, not worry about being covered," said Solen. "They are welcome to stay there as long as they like." Bombs away. IT IS a hard life being a professional player. Take Tranmere's Mickey Mellon. "On a night out I'd probably put on black trousers and a white shirt. You have to wear labels at a football club, otherwise you get slaughtered. So I wear Armani and Boss mainly." AND who says Hartlepool United are a dour northern club full of hairy-legged coppers? The Third Division outfit has just given a trial to the French striker Habib Sissoko who, before becoming a professional footballer, was hand-picked by the top French designer Paco Rabanne to model on the Paris catwalk. "Paco saw me in Paris and asked me to do a show for him," says Sissoko modestly. "I enjoyed it but football is more important." There is more. A Norwegian called Thorstein Rand recently spent three days on trial at Hartlepool. Back home he is a hairdresser. NOT only have Chelsea now employed the first Italian manager in the Premiership after previously taking on the first Dutchman but after employing the first dreadlocked manager they have now gone to the other extreme with the first shaved head. LAST week's Match of the Day claimed that the viewer who picked the Goal of the Month one-two-three would receive a prize of two tickets to see the winning scorer play "in a top Premiership match". Given that Georgi Kinkladze's goal against West Ham is a very likely winner, the victorious viewer might have to wait a while for his or her prize. COLCHESTER United have just signed the defender Guy Branston on loan from Leicester City. Fans immediately relished the idea of thinking up puns such as "Branston aims to get U's out of a pickle." But even that was topped by news that Branston has just attracted a kit sponsor - none other than Croesus and Blackwell, who make the pickle. AFTER finishing bottom in a recent survey of refreshments at football grounds, Leyton Orient's catering manager Mark Pickering has promised to make changes to the club's match-day food. "Yes," he says. "We won't be using Colman's mustard any more." THE Hampshire cricketer Shaun Udal has been keeping fit this winter by playing football for the Basingstoke Sunday League Division Five side Highdown, scoring an impressive 12 goals in eight games. But he is not playing any more. The Hampshire vice-captain has just been banned for 35 days after picking up two red cards in two weeks, one for swearing at the referee and the second for violent conduct. But he did have the perfect excuse. "I hadn't actually realised that swearing was a sending-off offence," he offered. PREDICTABLY, Ruud Gullit was attacked at his weakest point - the back.



Fighting talk
Pagel on the art of the hard man
22

The Battle of Stamford Bridge

Ruud awakens to a 'conspiracy'



Paul Hayward hears a very different account of the events at Chelsea that led to Gullit's dismissal

MONEY was a side issue in the coup d'état that brought down Ruud Gullit. The act of regicide — or perhaps reggae-side — was planned up to a month ago as the Chelsea board lined up Gianluca Vialli as Gullit's replacement. Reliable sources connected with the club say Gullit's demand for a huge salary increase simply provided the board with an excuse to act against an employee they felt they could no longer control. At an absorbing two-hour press conference yesterday Gullit himself suggested that he had been forced out of Stamford Bridge by an elaborate conspiracy. "They had everything planned behind my back," he said. "There were many theories about why an anti-Gullit movement should have developed but one authoritative source suggests that Gullit's assistant Gwyn Williams and coach Graham Rix had become insecure about their own futures and were pressing the board to force Gullit to come to a decision over his unsigned contract. Rix is said to have known three weeks ago that Gullit faced the sack. Much credence is also lent to the theory that a small cabal of senior, mostly foreign players were on the point of rebelling against Gullit's dictatorial methods and rotating squad system, and that the Chelsea chairman Ken Bates was determined to stop him becoming too powerful. In short Gullit had become too



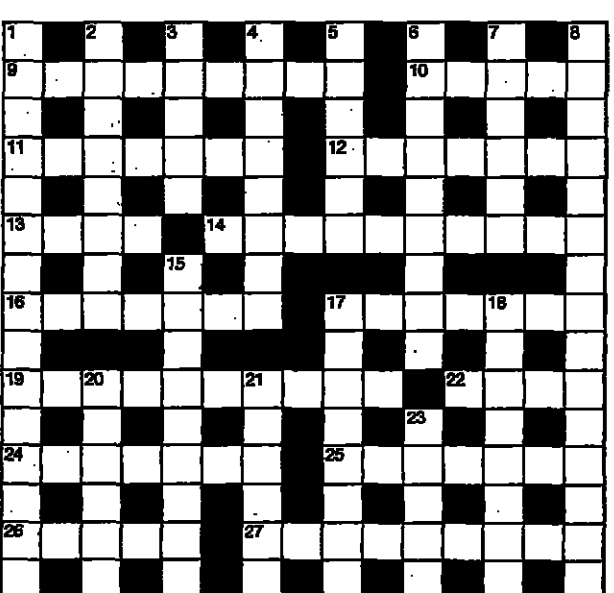
In defence... Gullit spent two hours putting his side of the story to the press yesterday

big for Bates to handle and Vialli was seen as a more malleable successor with equally strong connections among Europe's leading players. There are also dark mutterings about Williams and Rix having to do most of the work in coaching and preparing the team as Gullit became increasingly aloof. Yesterday Gullit assembled the full force of his own managerial team from the agency First Artist as his answers were broadcast live on Sky News in the style of some great political drama. Gullit has begun to believe that his removal had been planned long before it was announced. He had been trying to sign Brian Laudrup from Rangers and said yesterday: "Zola and Vialli met up with Laudrup [in London] on Wednesday. The player was surprised. What I've heard is that Laudrup asked where I was and was told 'he's busy doing other things'." Zola and Roberto Di Matteo, Chelsea's third illustrious Italian, recently signed new contracts. Gullit's account was disputed by the club's managing director Colin Hutchinson, who said there was "nothing sinister" about Vialli and Zola meeting Laudrup. "Chelsea didn't even want to negotiate with me; they didn't even make me an offer," Gullit said. "I asked for £3 million. If they'd made me an offer I would have accepted it. That's how negotiations work. You give a bit and lose a bit. I had already made my negotiating position weak

by telling them I wanted to stay at Chelsea. The money is not the real reason. It's the stick they wanted to hit me with." This account supports the theory that it was not greed which brought him down. David Mellor, though, claimed that Gullit had asked for "a truly horrific sum of money", whereas Hutchinson went on Clubcall to claim that Gullit had actually demanded £2 million net, which equates to £3.2 million gross. Mellor is a close ally of Bates. Hutchinson claimed: "Ruud, who is a master of the media, very craftily said today that he asked for £2 million. He did ask for £2 million

and I immediately responded and said: 'Gross?' And he said: 'No, neto. I always talk neto.' "For Ruud to receive £2 million a year in his hand means that the club has got to pay tax on it. With his basic salary, and the rest, we were looking at a commitment of £3,365,000 a year to keep Ruud. At the end of the day it did come down to money." Gullit was always versatile on the pitch, and at the International Sportsman's Club in London was impressive in attack and defence. He needed to swing the pendulum of public opinion back towards him and succeeded by flattering the media, players and fans

Guardian COLLINS Prize Crossword No 21,198



Set by Araucaria

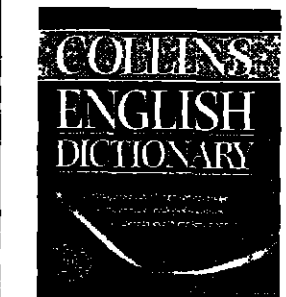
- Across**
- 9 Meson, something at ten to the pound? (1-5)
 - 10 Two rings after forty winks is no good (5)
 - 11 One having a row with Norma, as ordered (7)
 - 12 Student, provided he's upper class, should go far (4-3)
 - 13,22 Find record completed (8)
 - 14,16 Big book on the hairbreak at pub next morning may carry away the man in the street (5,7,7)
 - 17 Lady Turner in trick in Atlanta's place (7)
 - 18,27 Dr. No's disapproval more

- then enough for a friend to bring out flavour (10,9)
- 22 See 13
 - 24 Birds' nest's base: it takes rodents (7)
 - 25 Officer with important part to speak (7)
 - 26 End of poem for ten voices (5)
 - 27 See 19
- Down**
- 1,8 Offer medal to ex officio meritment maker and developer (6,3,3,6,6)
 - 2 Defence of cockney musician (6 for George) (6)
 - 3 Orator's place after out (5)
 - 4 One is so capable with prickles (5)
 - 5 Writer with political allies keeping a high line (5)

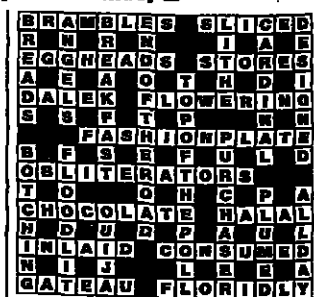
A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to The Guardian Crossword, P.O. Box 14841, London, EC1R 3JX, or Fax to 0171 718 4735 by first post on Friday. Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday February 23.

Name _____
Address _____

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- 6 Awfully fine story is beyond words (9)
7 Make drunk, going round quietly, sound funny when hitting water (5)
8 See 1
15 African country, unless I see you first? (9)
17 African food for fellow American having business



- with the British (8)
18 Drake, say, aged four hundred million (8)
20 Countryman, a model among the simple (6)
21 It's an advantage to the debtor to get stuff off the bed (6)
23 Gather from a different angle (5)

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David Lacey

Pay-TV may prove a pipe dream for all but the best

FOR football viewers pay-TV is just around the corner, like a mugger-in-waiting. It is, we are assured, all part of the digital television revolution which will bring 500 channels to the fingertips and enable fans to follow their teams live from armchairs. Those unable to get in at Old Trafford will sit in a smart car, press a button and watch Manchester United without fear of being clubbed if they stand up. Arsenal, Liverpool and, on a good day, Chelsea will be seen by a hidden audience of millions. Newcastle United, too, unless Kenny Dalglish man-

ages to wipe out the waiting list in the meantime. So much for the theory. The reality might be less dramatic. Imagine, for instance, last Monday's Sky offering from Selhurst Park going out on pay-per-view. By half-time those still watching Crystal Palace and Wimbledon would have been keener on pay-per-viewer and demanding their money back. It was not the poorest game of football seen on Murdochvision this season. A latter-day Winston Smith, locked in Room 101 with the worst thing in the world, would be reduced to a gibbering wreck by watching a repeat of Wimbledon's match at Leicester. Nevertheless the opening 45 minutes on Monday night, during which the sum of the attacking efforts of both teams was represented by one shot on target, did suggest that, outside the big clubs, pay-TV might be a pipe-dream. Subscribers could have switched to Dinosaurs on the Disney Channel — "prehistoric fun with the huggable leviathans" — and seen much the same thing for less cost. A channel-hopper, coming across a football match in which the words "dire," "bent" and "fear" were being repeated at regular intervals could have been forgiven for thinking that this was an English voice-over coverage

from Uzbekistan. But these were merely players' names. There had to be sympathy for the commentators. Sky football trailers are produced in the spirit of the Brick Bradford serials which used to hold the kids in thrall at Saturday-morning cinema clubs. Consequently every game has to be a cliff-hanger. The skill with which the pundits conveyed their true feelings about the spectacle without chanting "what a load of rubbish" was impressive. We had "rather an untidy start". It was "never a match that threatened to produce a lot of goals". After half-an-hour of numb nothingness the comments became bolder: "When the stakes are high you can't expect much pretty football, and we haven't had that!" And then: "I don't think I've seen the ball given away so cheaply. The passing's poor."

The highlight of the first hour's viewing was, quite literally, a half-time commercial for Jason McAteer's hair. Andy Gray felt the problem was that both teams were too strong defensively for the weakened attacks. Were they 'eck as like! Happily and hilariously, salvation was at hand in the shape of Valerien Ismael, a defender for whom Palace had just paid Strasbourg

£2.75 million, presumably on the assumption that he could actually defend. Carl Leaburn, on the other hand, had cost Wimbledon £300,000 from Charlton and he is more about cult than culture. "Leaburn got himself into a good position but couldn't quite finish," murmured one of the commentators in the first half, and that seemed to be the story of the player's life until he met Ismael. Three Wimbledon goals in 12 minutes, two scored by Leaburn and all assisted by the Frenchman's inadequacies, woke up the game, the crowd and that part of the TV audience which had not sought light relief in Pottersgate. In fact at this point a certain viewer decided that while a picture may be worth a thousand words, one line of Cheers was more valuable than another angst-ridden close-up of Steve Coppell. Obviously, according to the Palace manager afterwards, was not the answer, so clearly they are not going to sign any Greeks. Wimbledon still seem serious about going to Ireland, although up to half-time Ismael looked more appropriate. More often than not football on Sky is highly watchable but last Monday the Weather Channel offered fewer deep depressions. And at least there is no danger of that going on pay-TV. Is there?

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